

CORBeyRAN

DEFALI

# ASSASSIN'S CREED™

1 | DESMOND

TITAN BOOKS















# ASSASSIN'S —CREED—<sup>TM</sup>

1 | DESMOND

STORY : CORBEYRAN  
ART : DJILLALI DEFALI  
COLOR : RAPHAEL HEDON,  
MADEMOISELLE K & KNESS



ASSASSIN'S CREED: DESMOND

ISBN: 9781781163405

Published by Titan Books  
A division of Titan Publishing Group Ltd.  
144 Southwark St.  
London  
SE1 0UP

© 2012 Ubisoft Entertainment. All Rights Reserved.  
Assassin's Creed, Ubisoft, and the Ubisoft logo are trademarks of Ubisoft Entertainment in the  
US and/or other countries.  
Les Deux Royaumes | Ubisoft France | 173-179 rue du Chevaleret | 75 646 Paris Cedex 13

First Titan edition: October 2012  
English-language translation: Mark McKenzie-Ray

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any  
form or by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher, nor be otherwise  
circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a  
similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

Printed in the United States of America

What did you think of this book? We love to hear from our readers. Please email us at:  
readerfeedback@titanemail.com, or write to us at the above address. To receive advance  
information, news, competitions, and exclusive offers online, please sign up for the Titan  
newsletter on our website: [www.titanbooks.com](http://www.titanbooks.com)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to Djillali Defali for setting me on this fascinating adventure. To Alexis Nolent for being  
my guide and accompanying me through this new territory. Thanks also to François Tallec, Olivier  
Henriot and Geoffroy Sardi, as well as the teams at Ubisoft Paris and Montreal, for opening their  
doors and welcoming me into this universe.

C O R B E Y R A N

Thank you to Matz for the phone call, even if you regretted it afterwards, I didn't let you down,  
buddy! Thanks to the whole team at Ubisoft Montreal for their time and patience. Benjamin Dannel –  
thank you, my friend, for the motivation and encouragement. And a huge thanks to François Tallec,  
for supporting me during the creation of the album – I know it wasn't easy!

D E F A L I

Thank you to Yves Guillemot, Alain Corre, Serge Hascoet, Jade Raymond, Patrice Desilets, Corey  
May, Sébastien Puel, Mohamed Gambouz, Olivier Henriot, Mathieu Ferland, Audrey-Ann Milot,  
Tommy Francois, Thomas Paincon, Florent Greffe and Marie-Anne Boutet.  
Thanks also to Vladimir Lentzy, Philippe Hédouin, Frédéric Noaro and the rest of the team at  
Dargaud for their support.

L E S   D E U X   R O Y A U M E S



ST. EREMBERT  
PSYCHIATRIC  
HOSPITAL. TODAY.

EVERYONE IN!  
BREAK'S OVER!

COME ON. LET'S  
HURRY IT UP.

FINISHED  
ROLLCALL,  
MITCH?

HUH? OH, YEAH, YEAH...

YOU GOT EVERYONE?

YEAH...  
EVERYONE'S  
HERE...

EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

HMMMM, YEAH.  
EVERYTHING'S  
FINE...

HEY! YOU!  
COME HERE!

ARE YOU DEAF?  
SAY SOMETHING!

ARE YOU SERIOUS?  
I CAN STILL  
SEE SOMEONE  
OVER THERE.

MITCH?  
JESUS  
CHRIST!





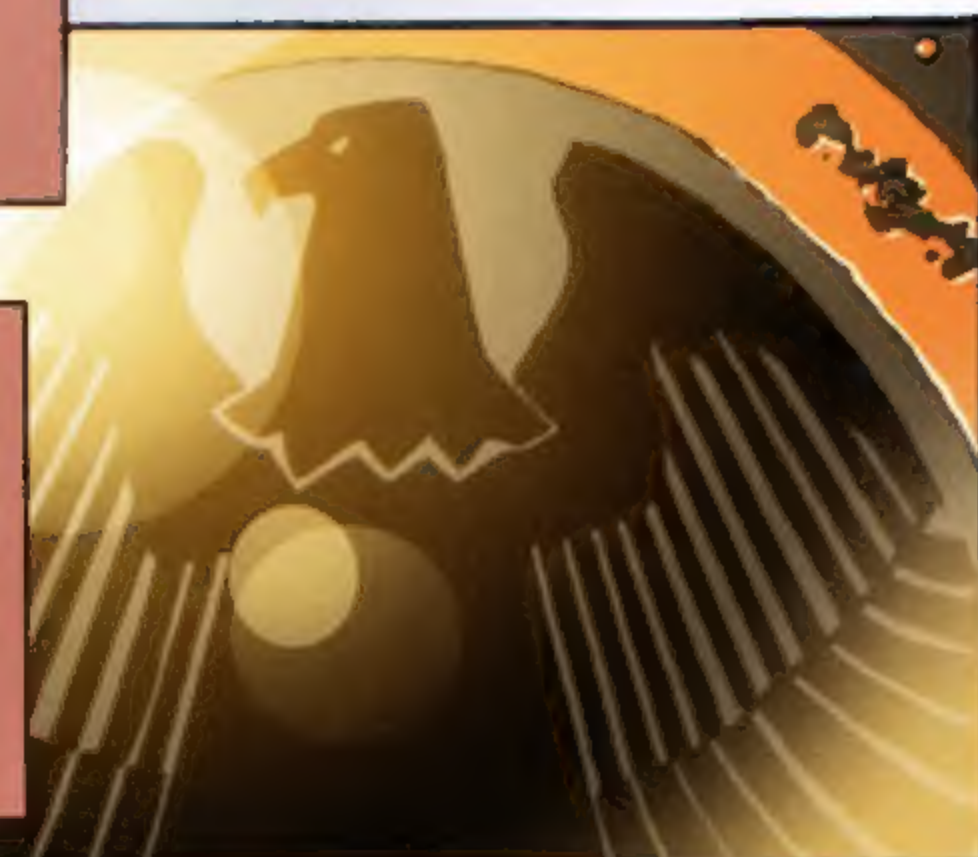


"WHERE IS HE?"



"3RD CENTURY AD.  
SOMEWHERE WITHIN  
THE CONFINES OF THE  
ROMAN EMPIRE..."

"THERE ARE TRIBES OF  
BARBARIANS MOVING  
ABOUT THE ROMAN BORDERS,  
FORCING CAESAR'S LEGIONS  
TO REMAIN VIGILANT AND  
READY TO HEAD INTO BATTLE.  
IT'S A TURBULANT PERIOD."



"WHAT'S HIS NAME?"



"AQUILUS, SON  
OF LUCIUS..."





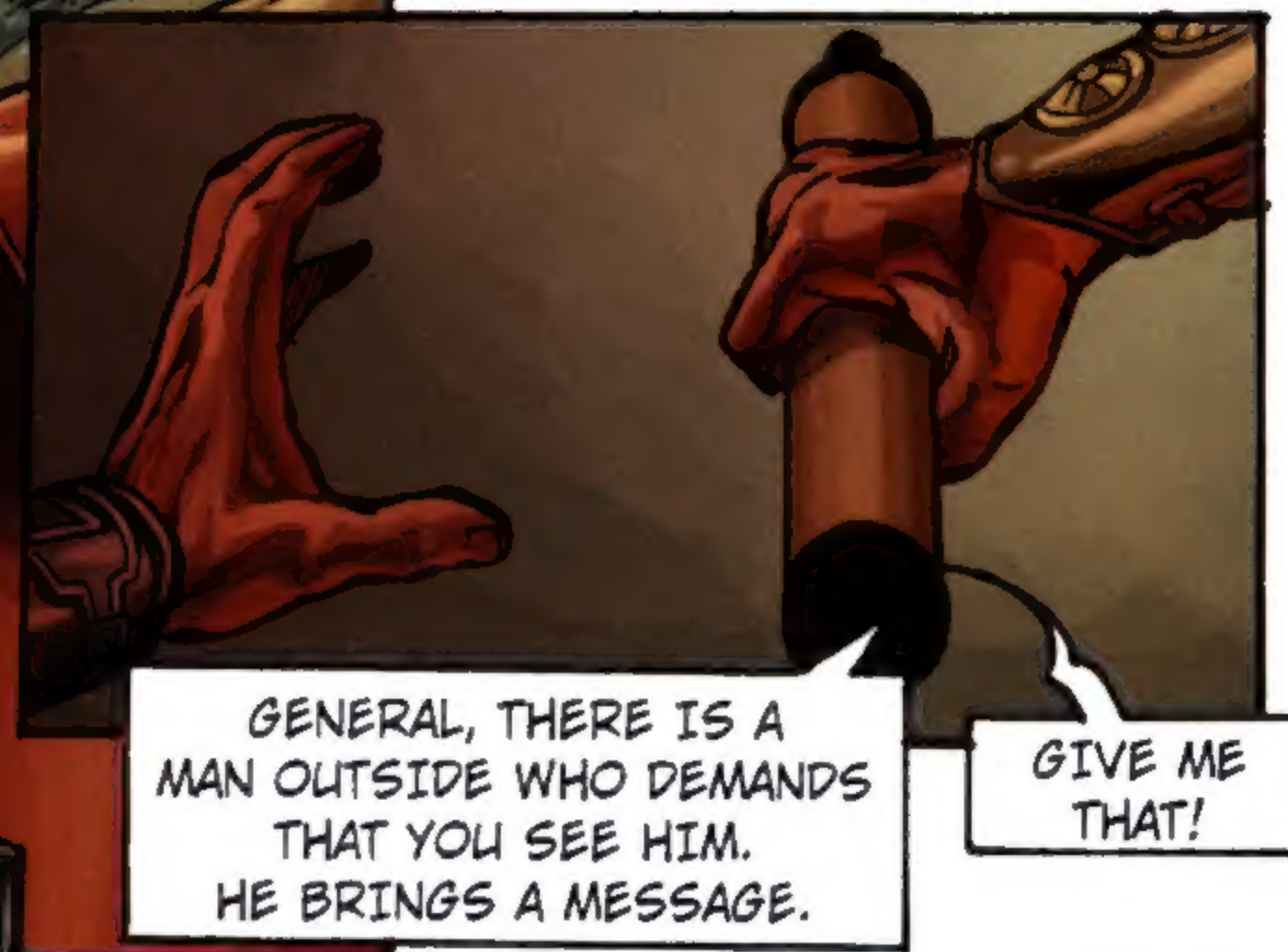


I BRING A MESSAGE FOR  
GENERAL GRACCHUS...

YOU'LL FIND HIM  
IN THE LARGE TENT  
AT THE CENTER OF  
THE CAMP.



TELL THE GENERAL  
THAT I WANT TO  
**SPEAK** WITH HIM.  
GIVE HIM THIS.



GENERAL, THERE IS A  
MAN OUTSIDE WHO DEMANDS  
THAT YOU SEE HIM.  
HE BRINGS A MESSAGE.

GIVE ME  
THAT!



LET HIM IN.



THE GENERAL  
WILL SEE  
YOU.

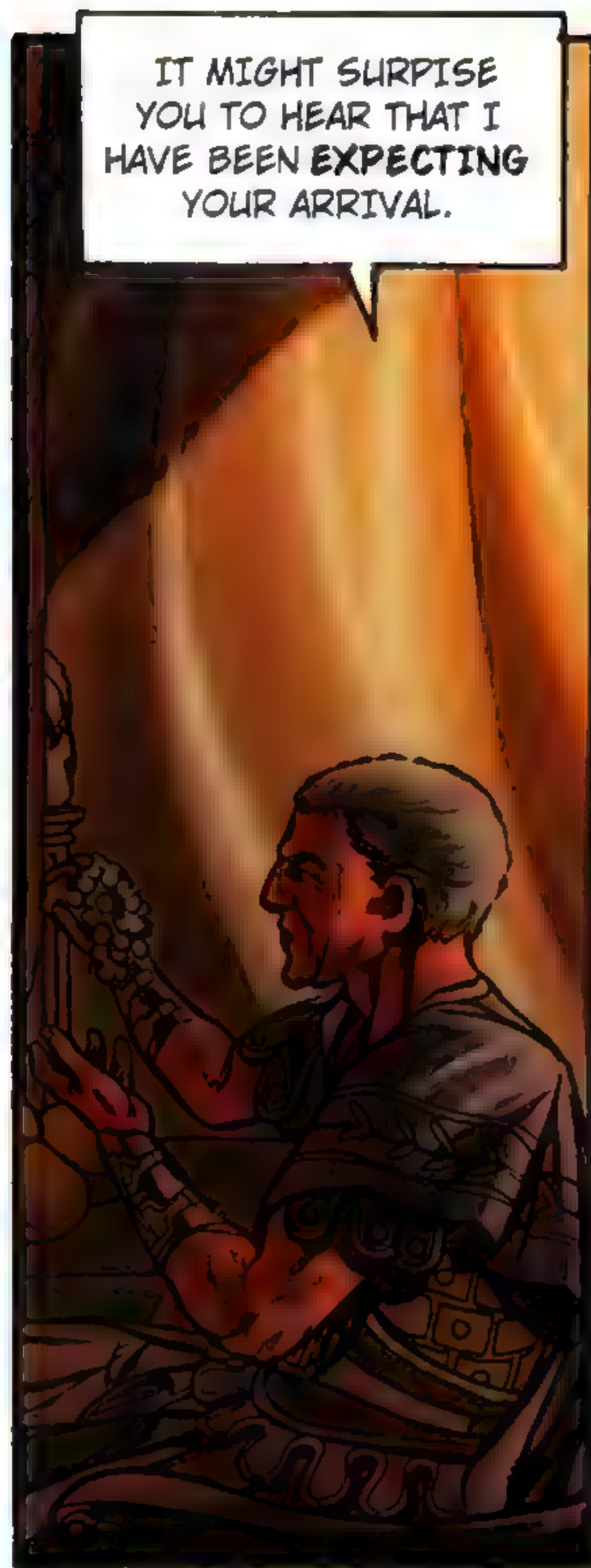




NO SUDDEN  
MOVEMENTS AND YOU  
MIGHT JUST LEAVE  
WITH YOUR LIFE.



WELCOME,  
AQUILLUS...



ALAS, I BELIEVE  
THE RESULTS OF  
THE INVESTIGATION  
SHOW YOU IN A  
VERY POOR LIGHT  
INDEED.



THREE MONTHS  
AGO, I ORDERED AN  
INVESTIGATION TO  
FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE  
ABOUT YOUR BACKGROUND  
AND PAST ACTIVITIES...



YOU HAVE QUITE THE  
CHECKERED PAST, AQUILLUS.  
TO THE POINT THAT YOUR  
FAMILY'S ALLEGIANCE TO OUR  
GREAT EMPIRE LOOKS  
TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A  
PRETENSE FOR YOUR  
DIRTY WORK!

MY COLLEAGUES AND I HAVE  
SUSPECTED THAT IT WAS  
YOU WHO EXECUTED  
SENATOR CAIUS AND GENERAL  
TITUS. AND YOUR PRESENCE  
HERE LEADS ME TO BELIEVE  
THAT I'M NEXT ON YOUR LIST!

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT. THESE  
ACCUSATIONS ARE BASED ON  
NOTHING BUT MERE RUMOR!





IT'S RUMORS SUCH AS THESE THAT CAN MAKE OR UNMAKE AN EMPEROR!

DESPITE MY SPIES, YOUR REAL INTENTIONS REMAIN UNCLEAR. I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH!

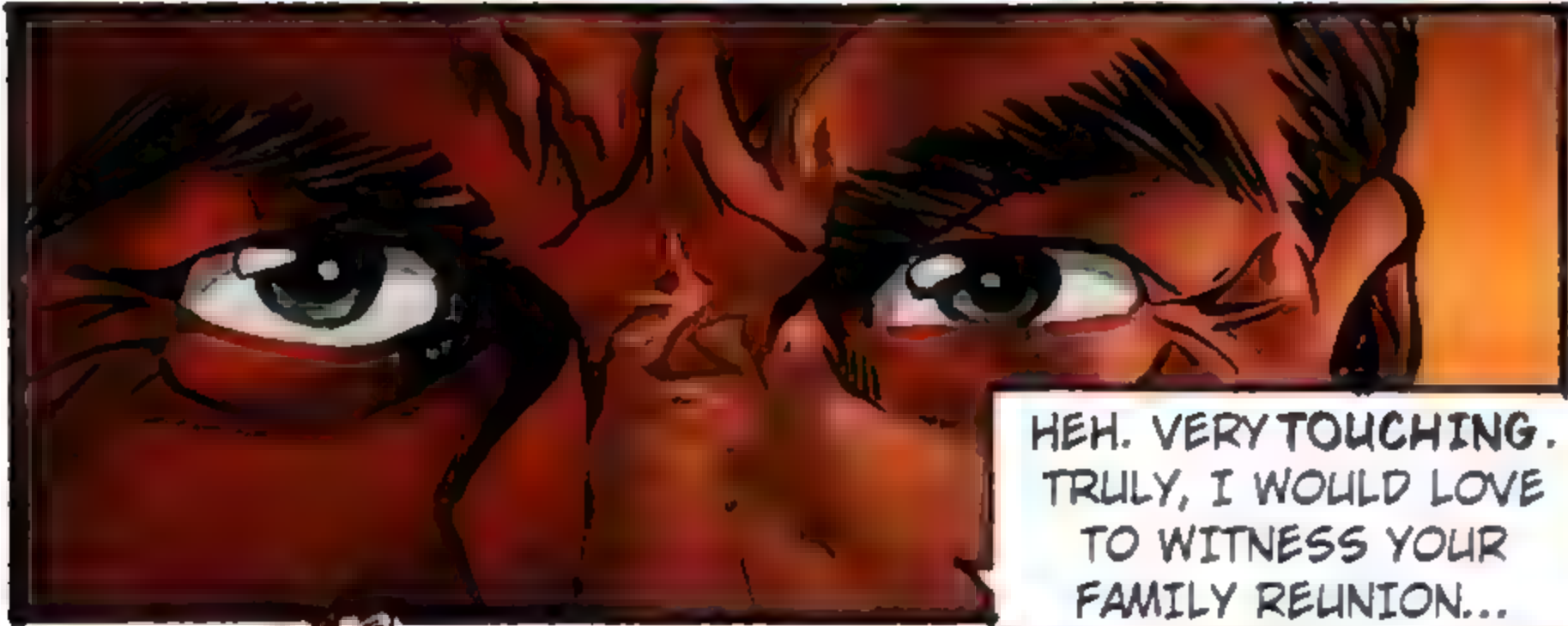
WHY DID YOU KILL THESE MEN? HAVE YOU KILLED OTHERS? WHO DO YOU WORK FOR? ARE YOU A SPY? A TRAITOR?



I AM NONE OF THOSE THINGS. I AM A SOLDIER!

I WISH TO PLACE MY SWORD AT YOUR SERVICE IN THE UPCOMING BATTLE AGAINST THE GERMANI.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, I WILL RETURN TO MY FAMILY WHO ARE WAITING FOR ME SOMEWHERE IN GALL.



HEH. VERY TOUCHING. TRULY, I WOULD LOVE TO WITNESS YOUR FAMILY REUNION...



BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THAT'S NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN.



I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE AND I KNOW WHO YOU'RE WORKING WITH!



I WILL PERSONALLY INFORM YOUR FATHER OF YOUR DEATH, THEN KILL HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!

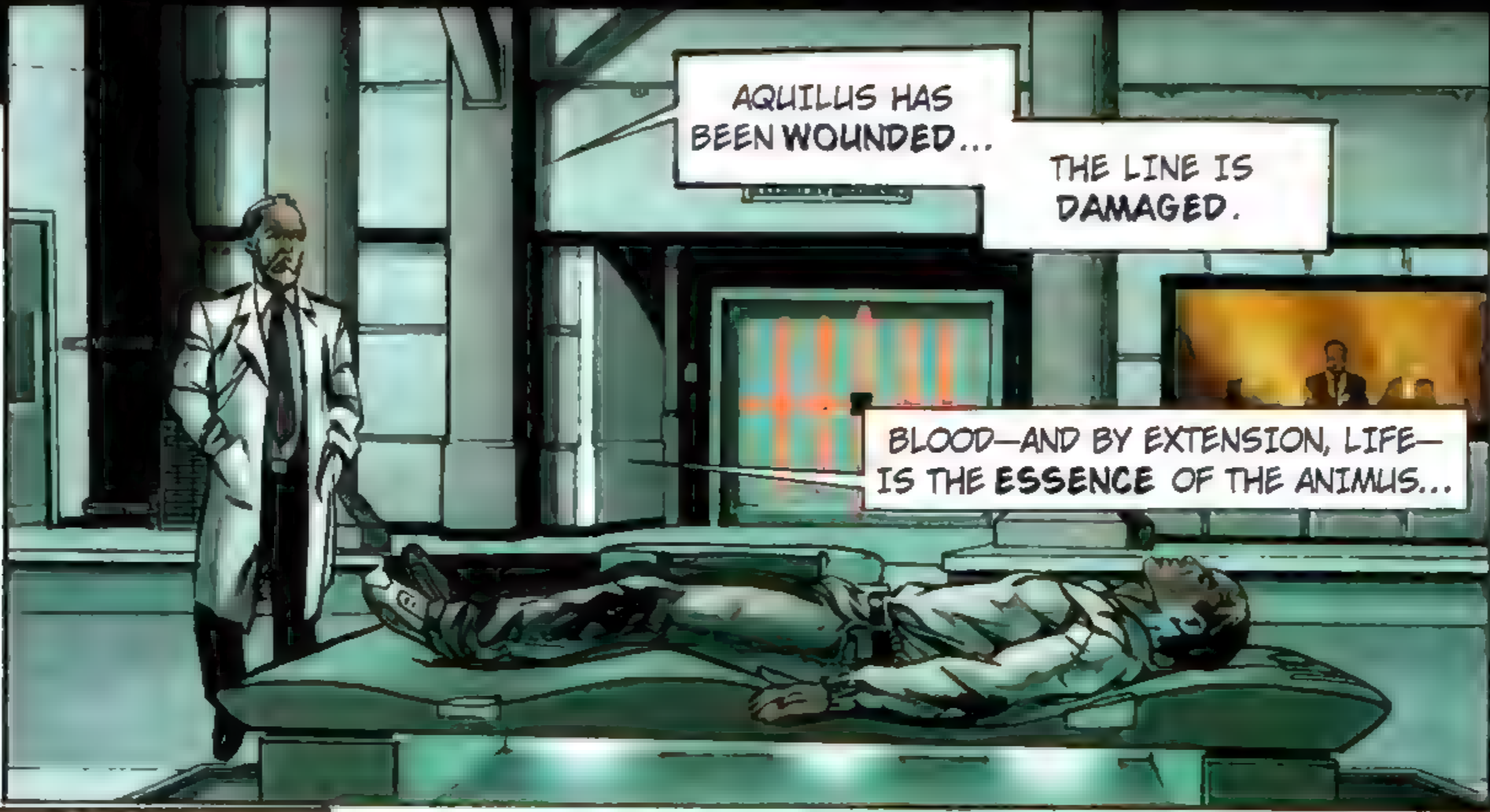


"WHAT'S HAPPENING?"





THE DATA FEED HAS STOPPED.



AQUILLUS HAS BEEN WOUNDED...

THE LINE IS DAMAGED.

BLOOD—AND BY EXTENSION, LIFE—IS THE ESSENCE OF THE ANIMUS...



LUCKILY, A SERIOUS INJURY LIKE THIS ONLY CAUSES SOME MINOR DISRUPTIONS...

BUT THE ANCESTRAL SUBJECT'S DEATH WOULD IRREPERABLY RUPTURE THE GENETIC INTERFACE!

AQUILLUS HAS NOT COMPLETED HIS MISSION! WE'RE STILL NO CLOSER TO FINDING WHAT WE NEED, WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER LEADS—



ALL THIS WAITING AND THERE ARE STILL MORE DELAYS.



I TOLD YOU, DESMOND MILES IS NOT THE MAN WE NEED. WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME!



I SUGGEST WE GET RID OF HIM AND FIND SOMEONE ELSE.

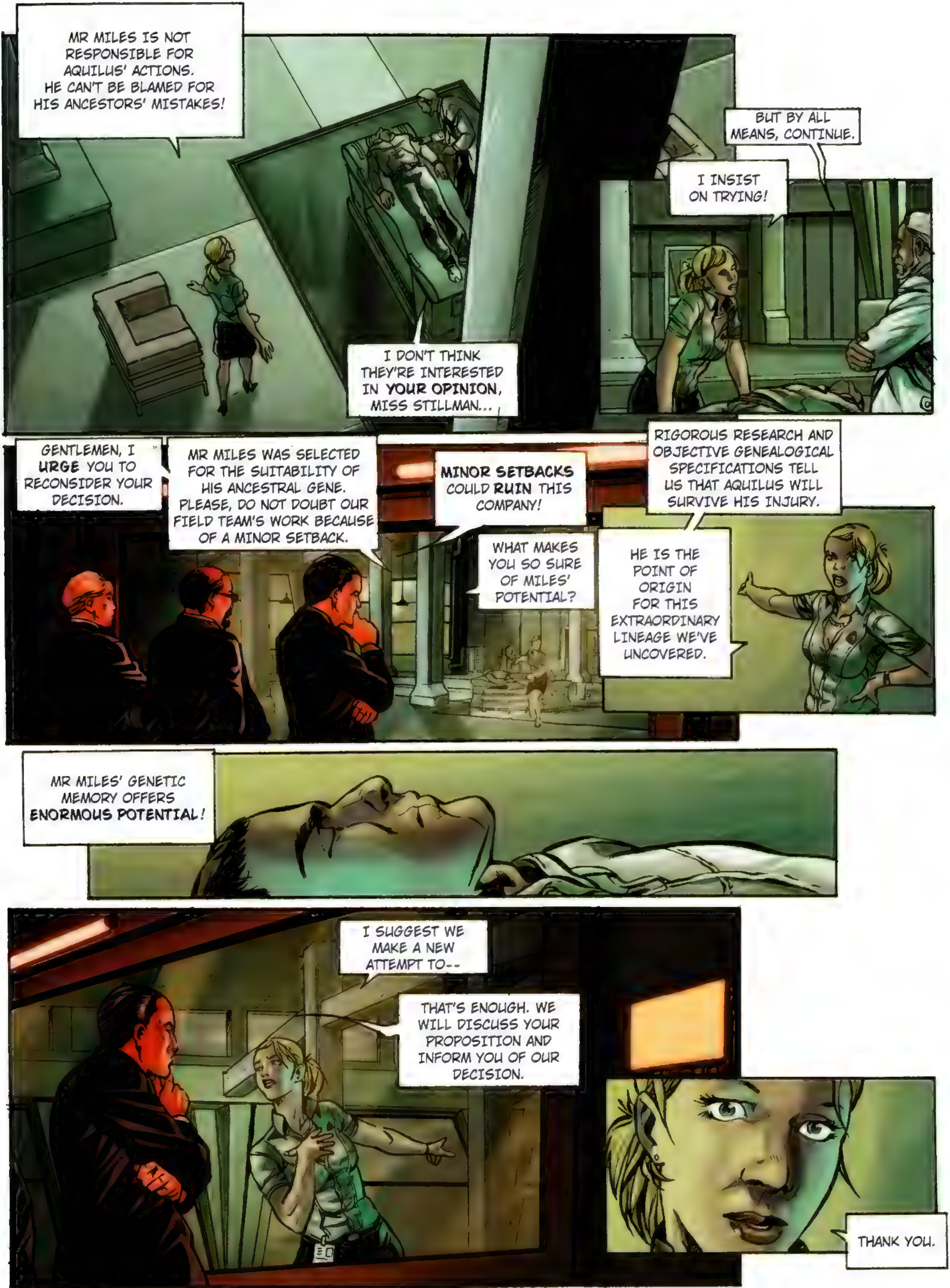


VERY WELL. I'LL DO WHAT IS NECESSARY...



WAIT!



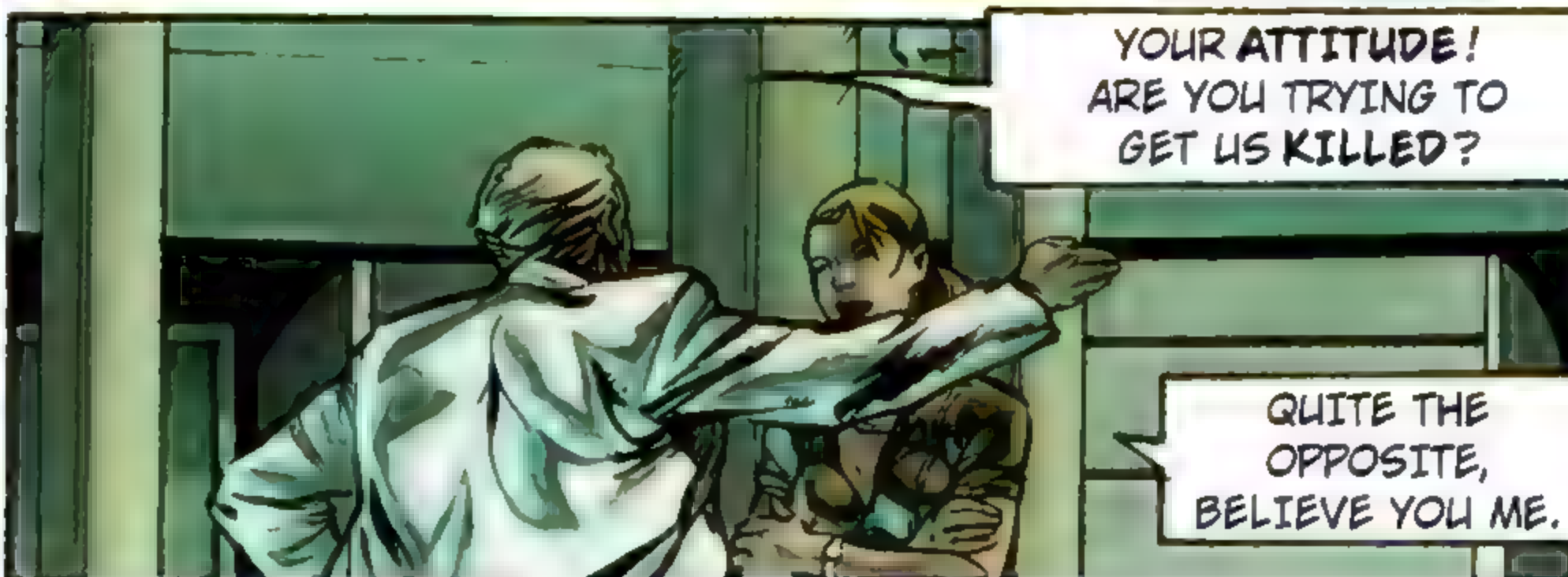






WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



YOUR ATTITUDE! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US KILLED?

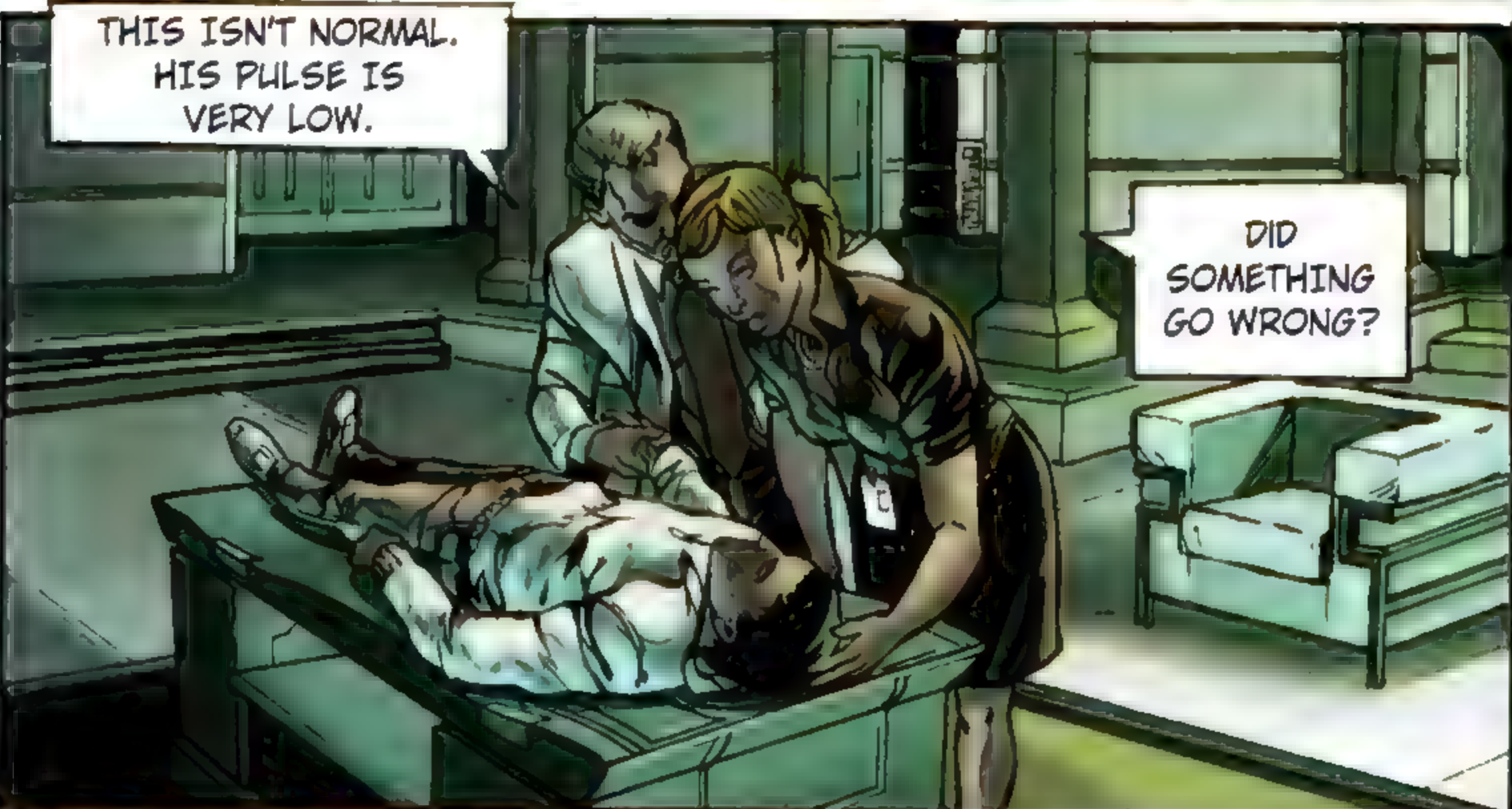
QUITE THE OPPOSITE, BELIEVE YOU ME.



DON'T OVERSTEP YOUR MARK, MISS STILLMAN. THESE PEOPLE DON'T PLAY AROUND.

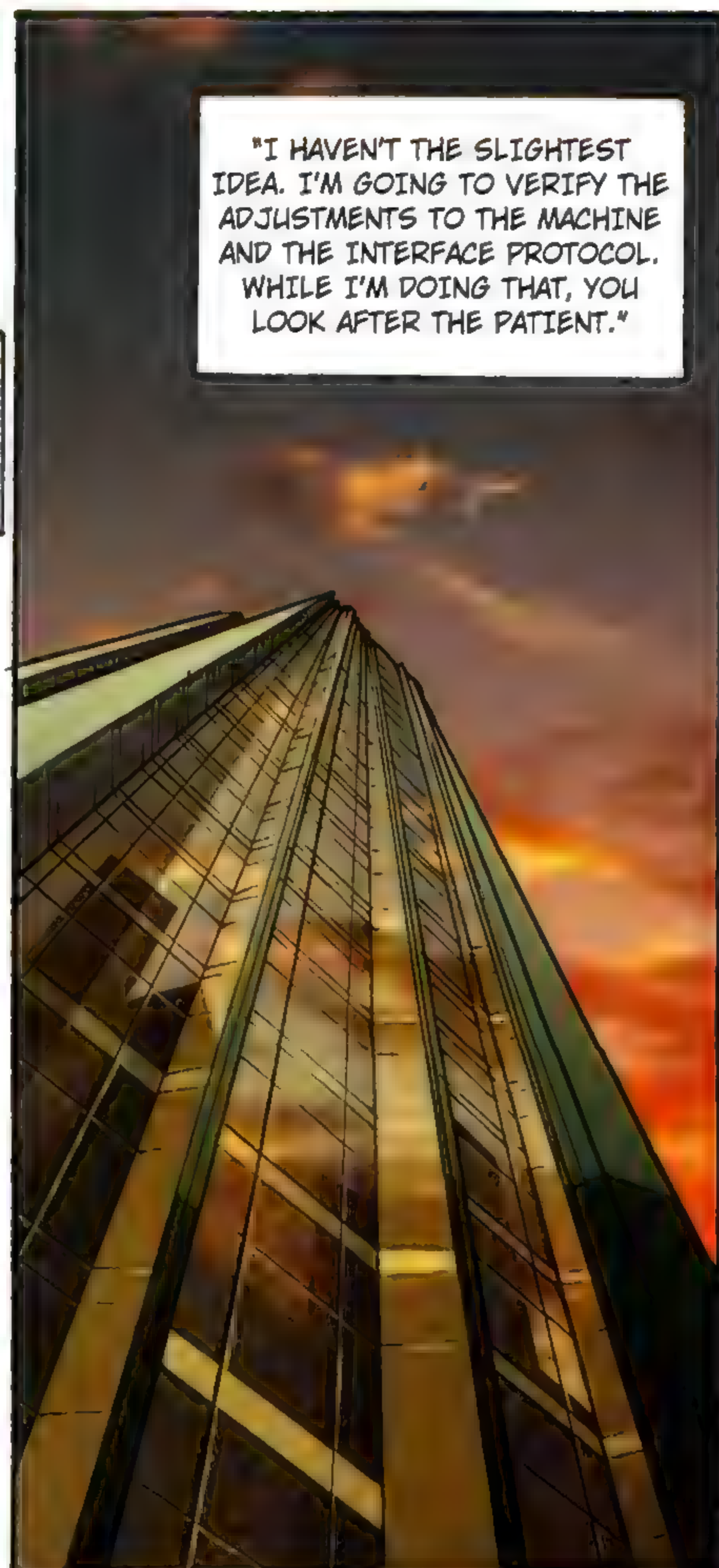


AS FOR MR MILES, THERE'S NOT MUCH HOPE. HE STILL HASN'T REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.



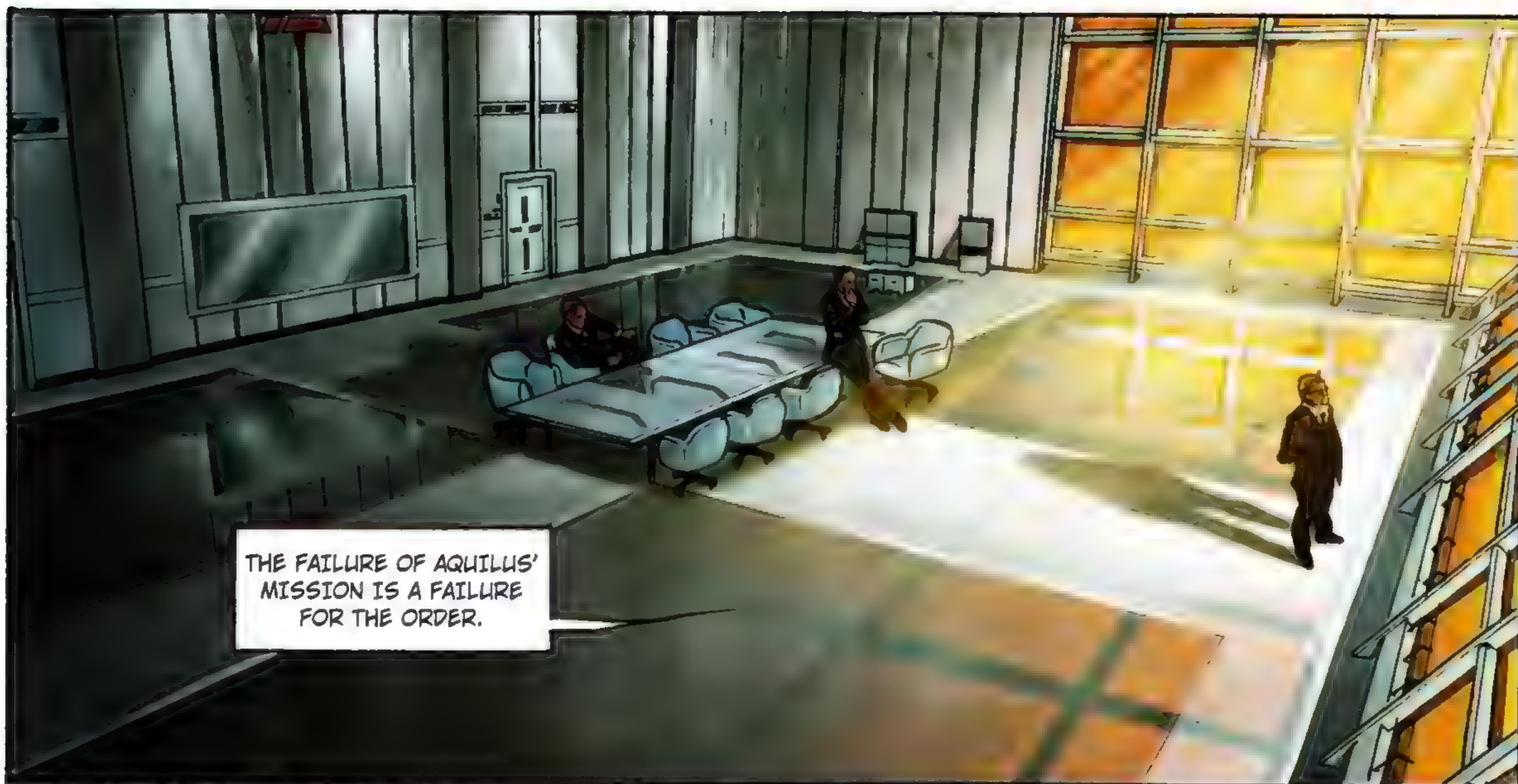
THIS ISN'T NORMAL. HIS PULSE IS VERY LOW.

DID SOMETHING GO WRONG?



"I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA. I'M GOING TO VERIFY THE ADJUSTMENTS TO THE MACHINE AND THE INTERFACE PROTOCOL. WHILE I'M DOING THAT, YOU LOOK AFTER THE PATIENT."





THE FAILURE OF AQUILUS' MISSION IS A FAILURE FOR THE ORDER.



IF WE CONTINUE DOWN THIS PATH WE RISK LOSING EVERYTHING TO THE ASSASSINS!

WE ALL KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR US.

WHAT ARE OUR OPTIONS? IT TOOK US NINE YEARS TO LOCATE DESMOND MILES.



HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU THINK WE'D NEED TO TRACK DOWN ANOTHER SUITABLE SUBJECT?

A WEEK? SIX MONTHS? ANOTHER DECADE?



LET'S FACE IT, TIME ISN'T ON OUR SIDE--

WE ARE ALL PERFECTLY AWARE OF THE URGENCY OF THE SITUATION. TALKING ABOUT IT ISN'T GOING TO GET US THERE ANY QUICKER.



IF WE WERE IN POSSESSION OF THE CODEX, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THESE PROBLEMS. OUR VICTORY WOULD ALREADY BE ASSURED!



CODEX OR NO CODEX, IF MILES' GENETIC MEMORY IS GENUINELY A MINE OF VITAL INFORMATION, THEN WE CANNOT OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY.

YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE IT EASY WITH HIM. THE SUBJECTS DO NOT HAVE AN UNLIMITED RESISTANCE TO THE ANIMUS. I'VE HEARD THAT PROLONGED EXPOSURE IS NOT WITHOUT ITS RISKS.

CORRECT. YOU WEREN'T AT ABSTERGO WHEN IT HAPPENED, BUT I WAS. AND I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY.

IT WAS SOME MONTHS AGO. SUBJECT 16 WAS IN THE ANIMUS...

"THE SESSION WAS GOING WELL, EVEN THOUGH WE'D MADE NO MAJOR DEVELOPMENTS FOR SOME TIME.

"SUDDENLY, FOR NO KNOWN REASON, THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG."

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

I DON'T KNOW! CONTROL HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SEDATE HIM!

"THE MAN WAS INSANE. HE RIPPED OFF HIS CLOTHES AND STARTED TO TEAR AT HIS SKIN."



"IT WAS TEN MINUTES OR MORE BEFORE SECURITY INTERVENED AND MANAGED TO OVERPOWER HIM.



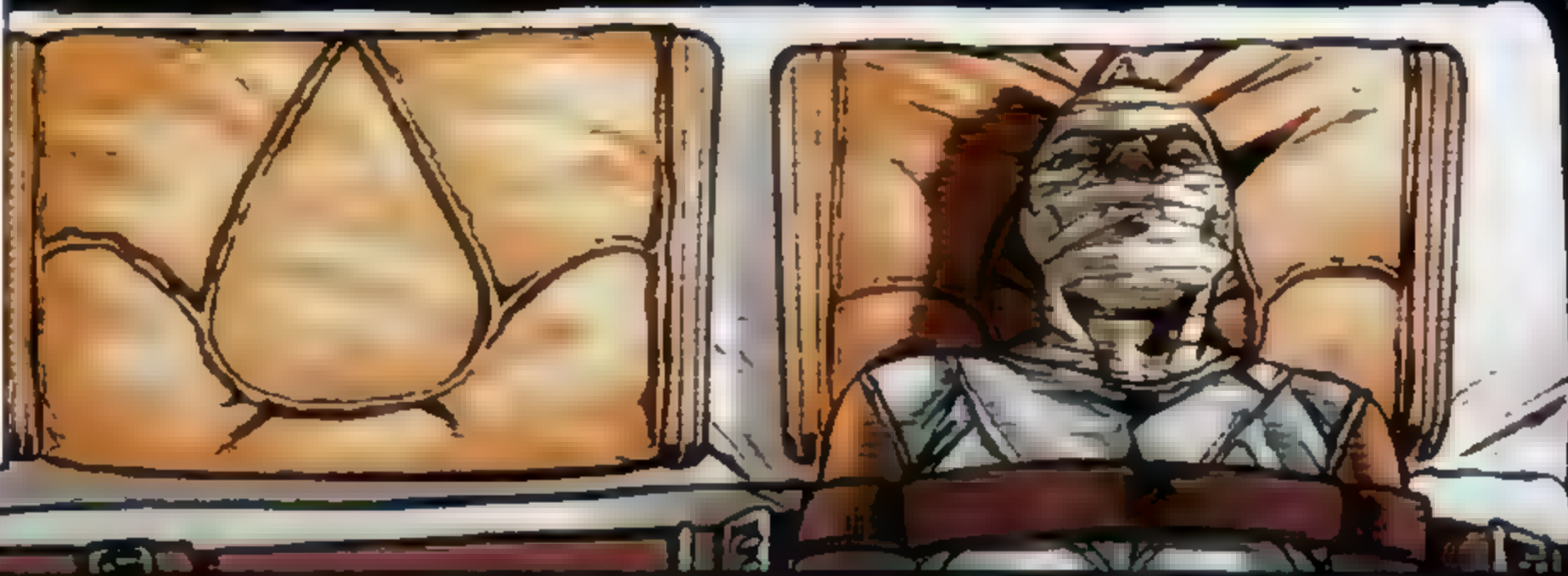
"HIS STRENGTH INCREASED TENFOLD! IT WAS LIKE HE WAS POSSESSED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE, SPURRED ON BY A VIOLENT RAGE!



"THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN LYING CALMLY ON THE MACHINE NOT AN HOUR BEFORE HAD BECOME A MONSTER.



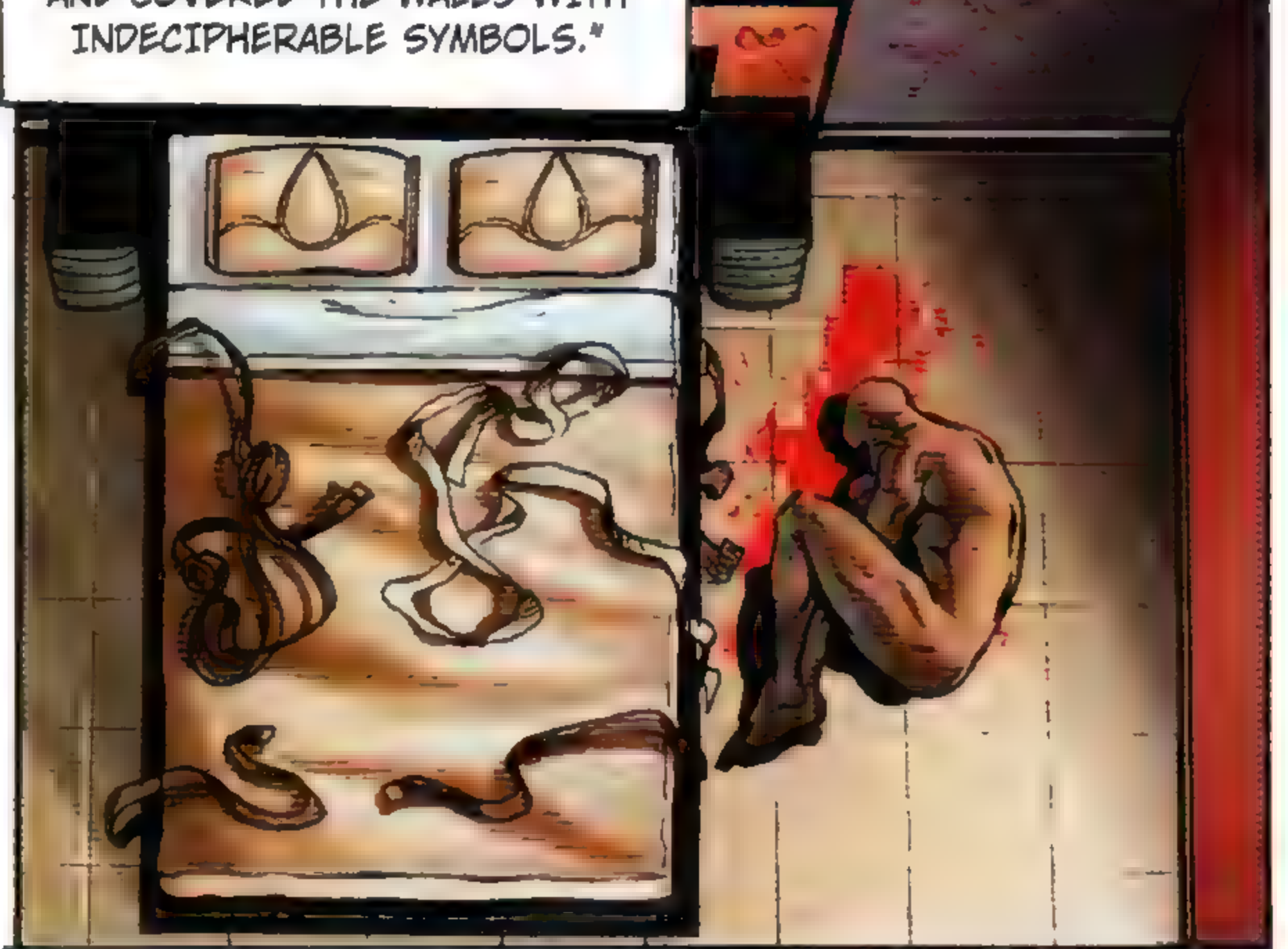
"A STRONG SEDATIVE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO HIS SENSES. HE WAS PERFECTLY CALM WHEN HE WAS RETURNED TO HIS ROOM AFTER BEING TREATED.



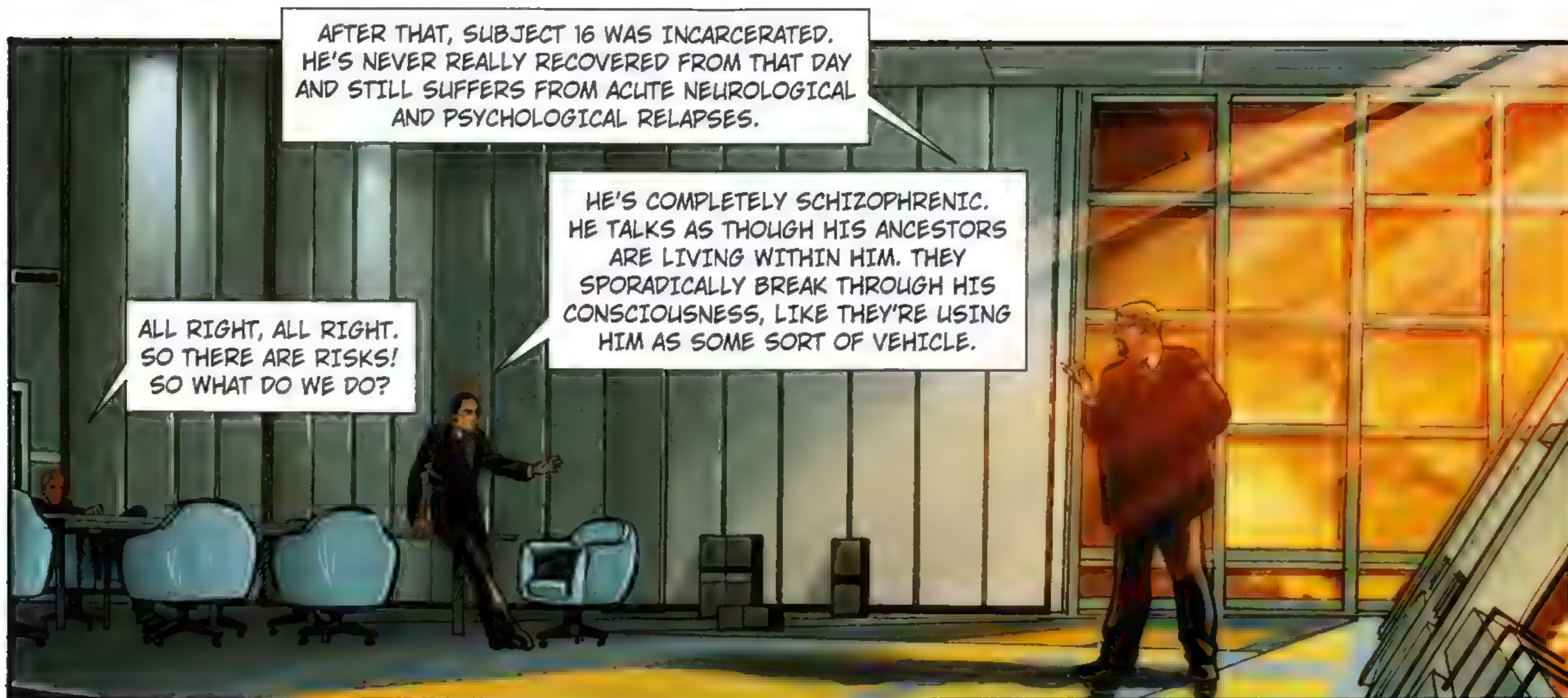
"HOWEVER, DESPITE TAKING THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS, THE NEXT DAY HE WAS FOUND NAKED AND UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS ROOM, LYING IN A POOL OF HIS OWN BLOOD.



"NO ONE QUESTIONED HOW HE WAS ABLE TO FREE HIMSELF FROM HIS STRAPS, BUT DURING THE NIGHT, HE CLAWED AT HIS SKIN AND COVERED THE WALLS WITH INDECIPHERABLE SYMBOLS."







AFTER THAT, SUBJECT 16 WAS INCARCERATED. HE'S NEVER REALLY RECOVERED FROM THAT DAY AND STILL SUFFERS FROM ACUTE NEUROLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL RELAPSES.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. SO THERE ARE RISKS! SO WHAT DO WE DO?

HE'S COMPLETELY SCHIZOPHRENIC. HE TALKS AS THOUGH HIS ANCESTORS ARE LIVING WITHIN HIM. THEY SPORADICALLY BREAK THROUGH HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, LIKE THEY'RE USING HIM AS SOME SORT OF VEHICLE.

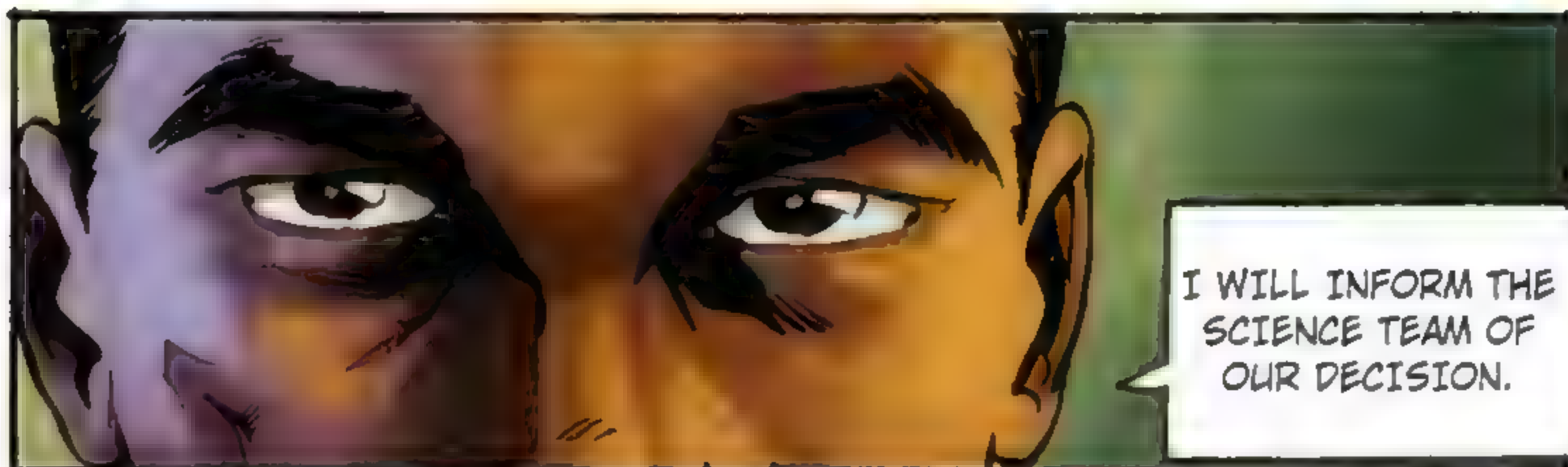


LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THE OPPOSITION. WHAT MATTERS IS WHAT'S AT STAKE HERE.

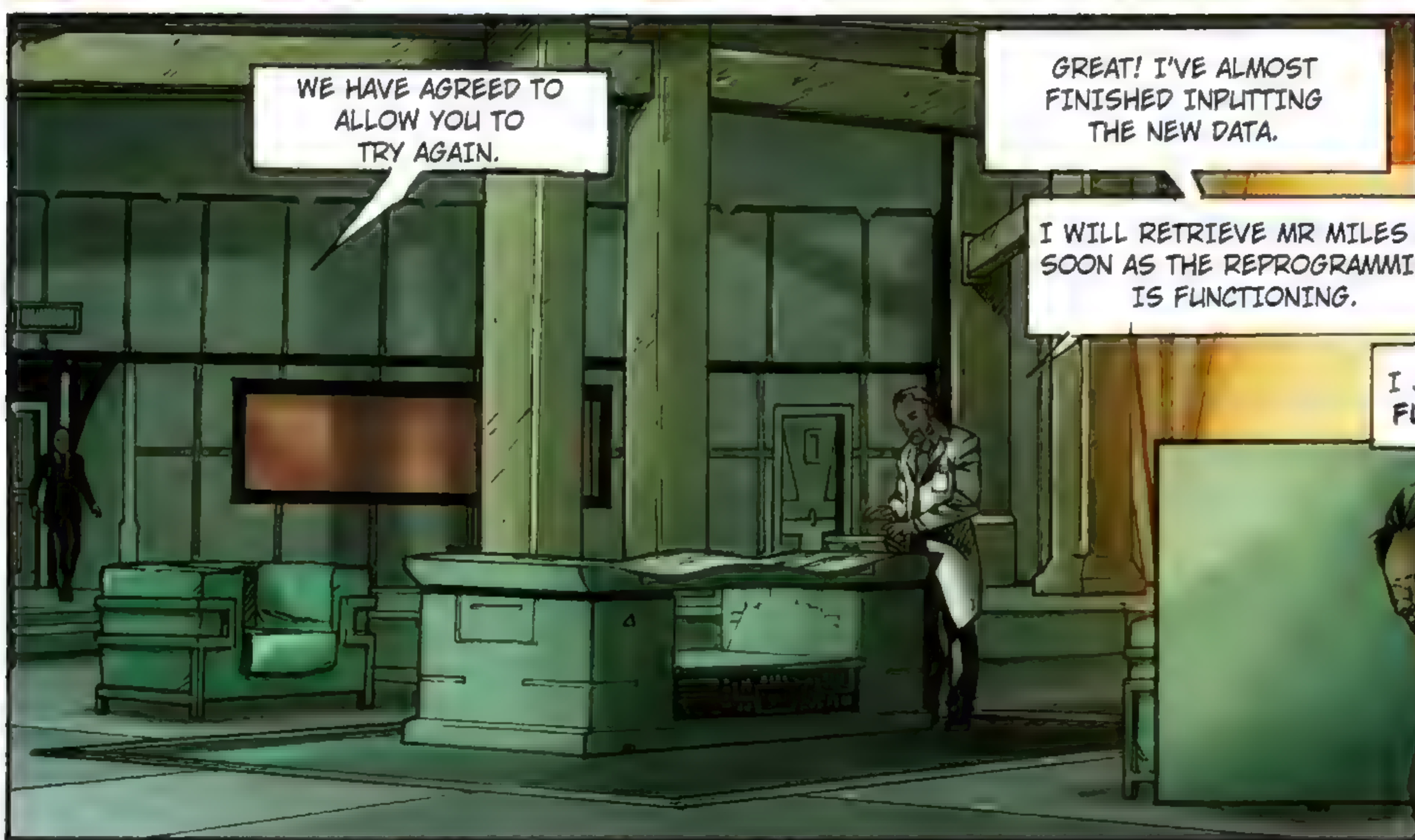
WE KNOW OUR OBJECTIVES. NOTHING WILL STOP US FROM ACHIEVING THEM.



PERFECT. THEN WE ARE IN AGREEMENT.



I WILL INFORM THE SCIENCE TEAM OF OUR DECISION.

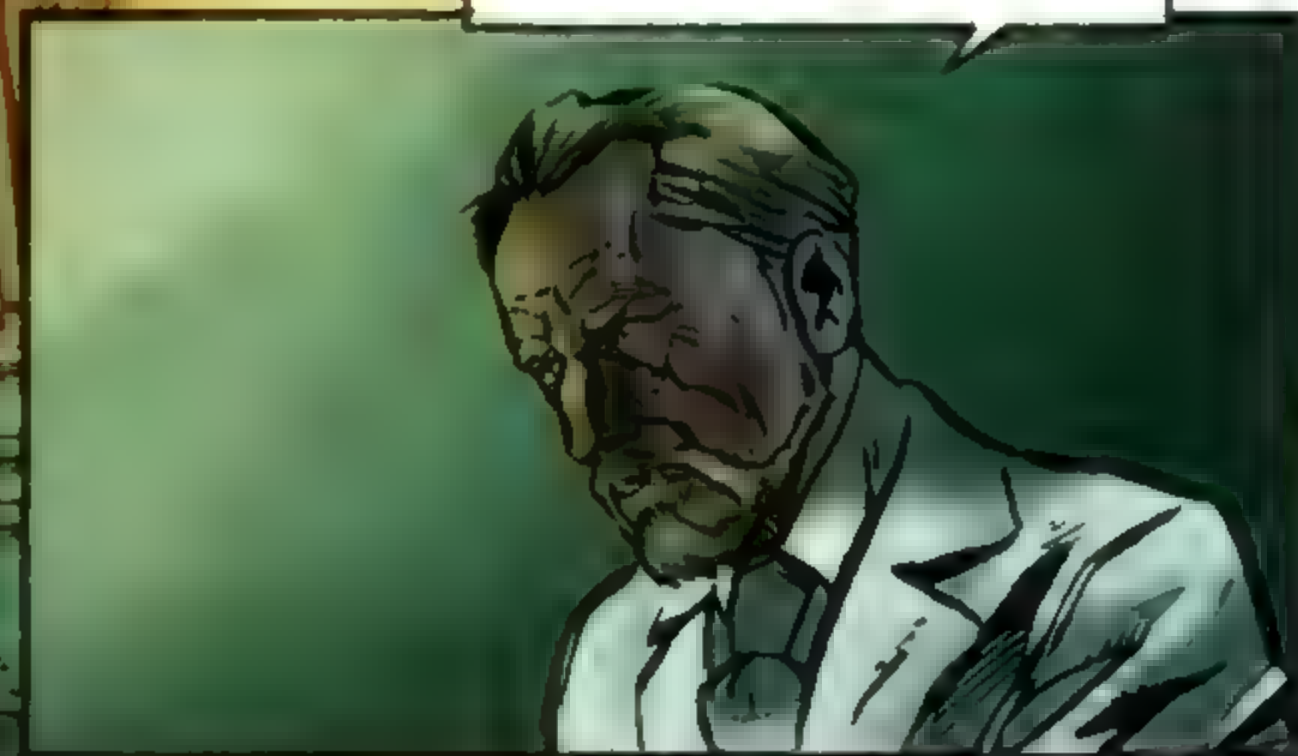


WE HAVE AGREED TO ALLOW YOU TO TRY AGAIN.

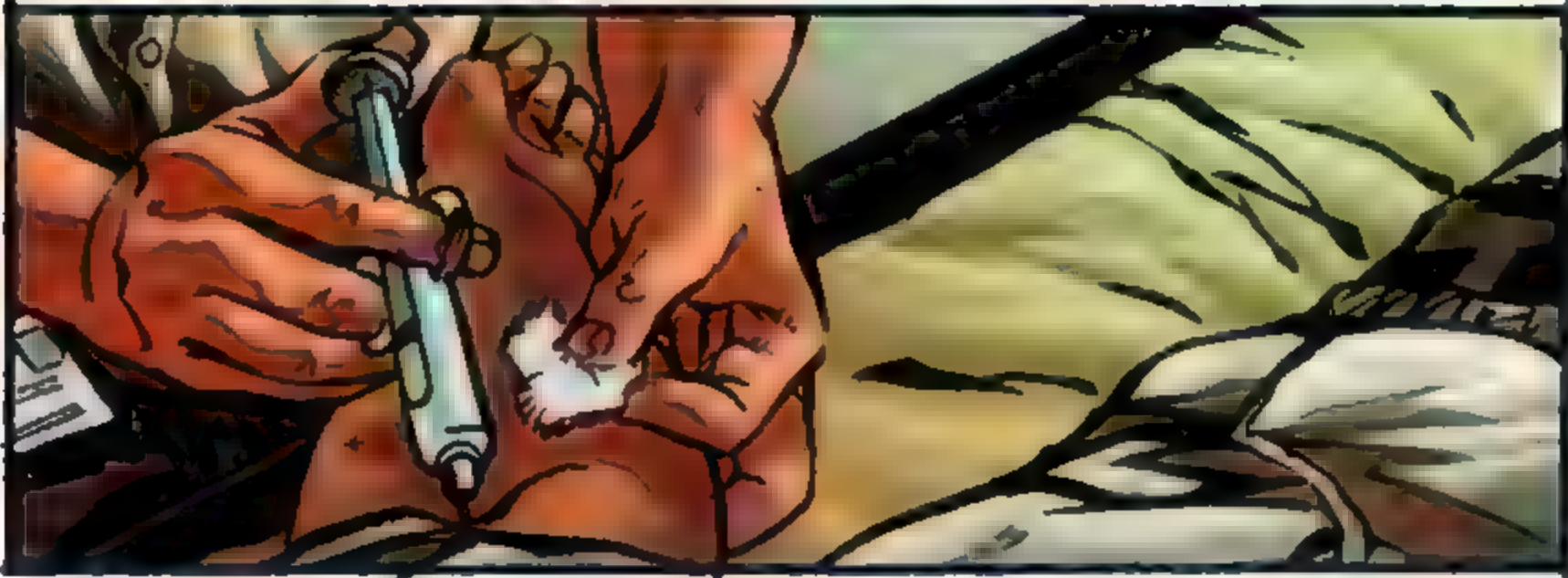
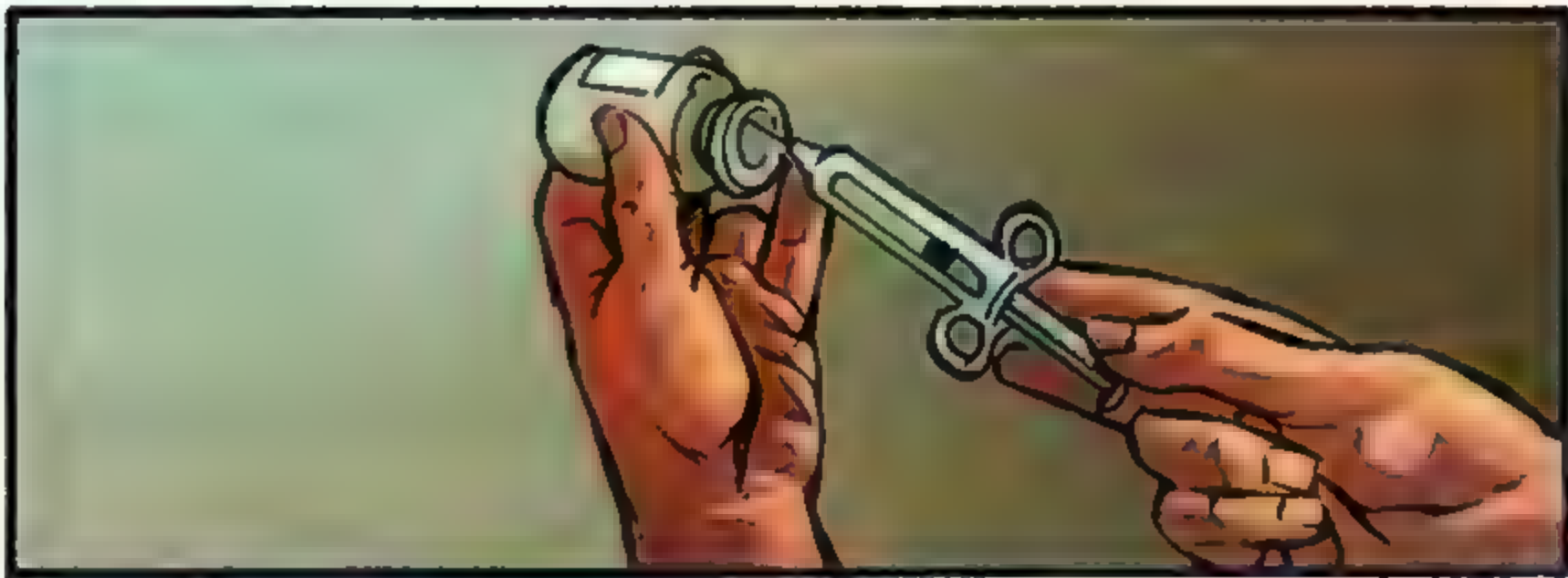
GREAT! I'VE ALMOST FINISHED INPUTTING THE NEW DATA.

I WILL RETRIEVE MR MILES AS SOON AS THE REPROGRAMMING IS FUNCTIONING.

I JUST HOPE THAT HE'S FUNCTIONING, TOO...

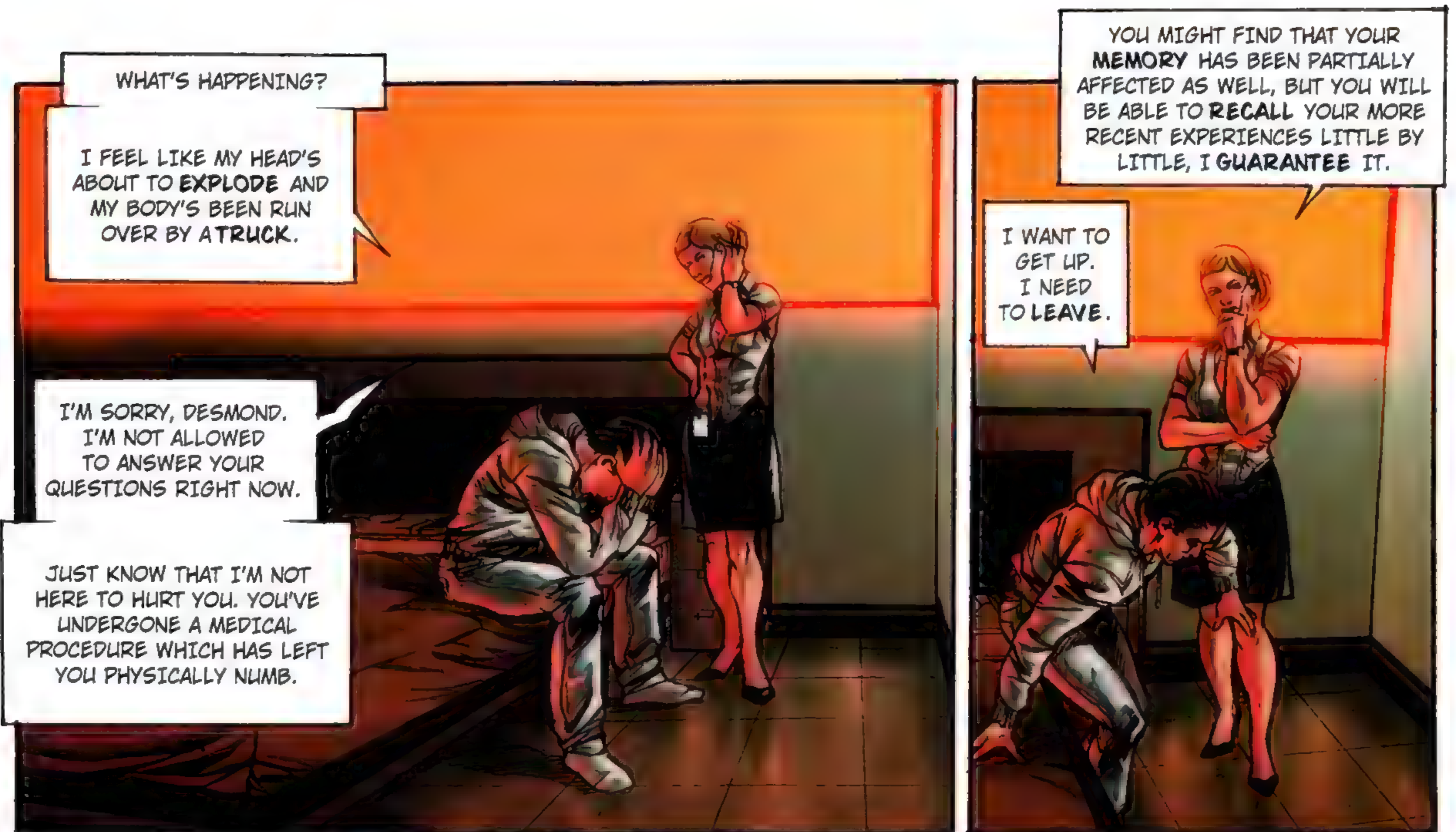




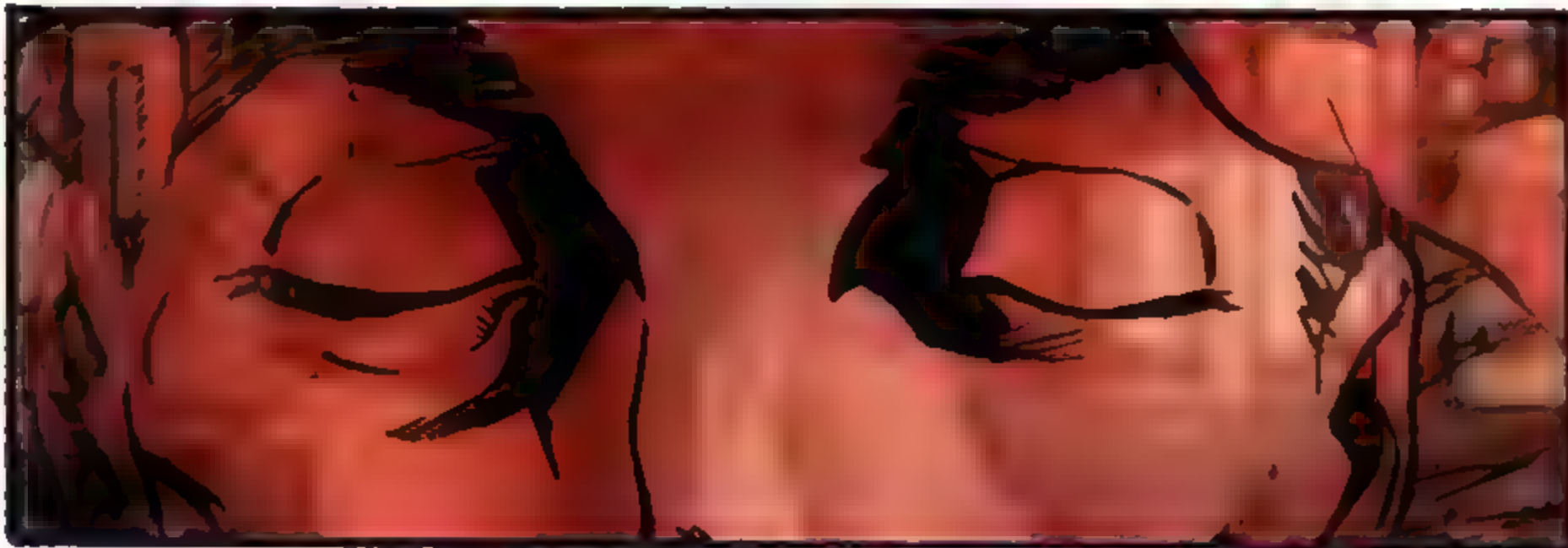
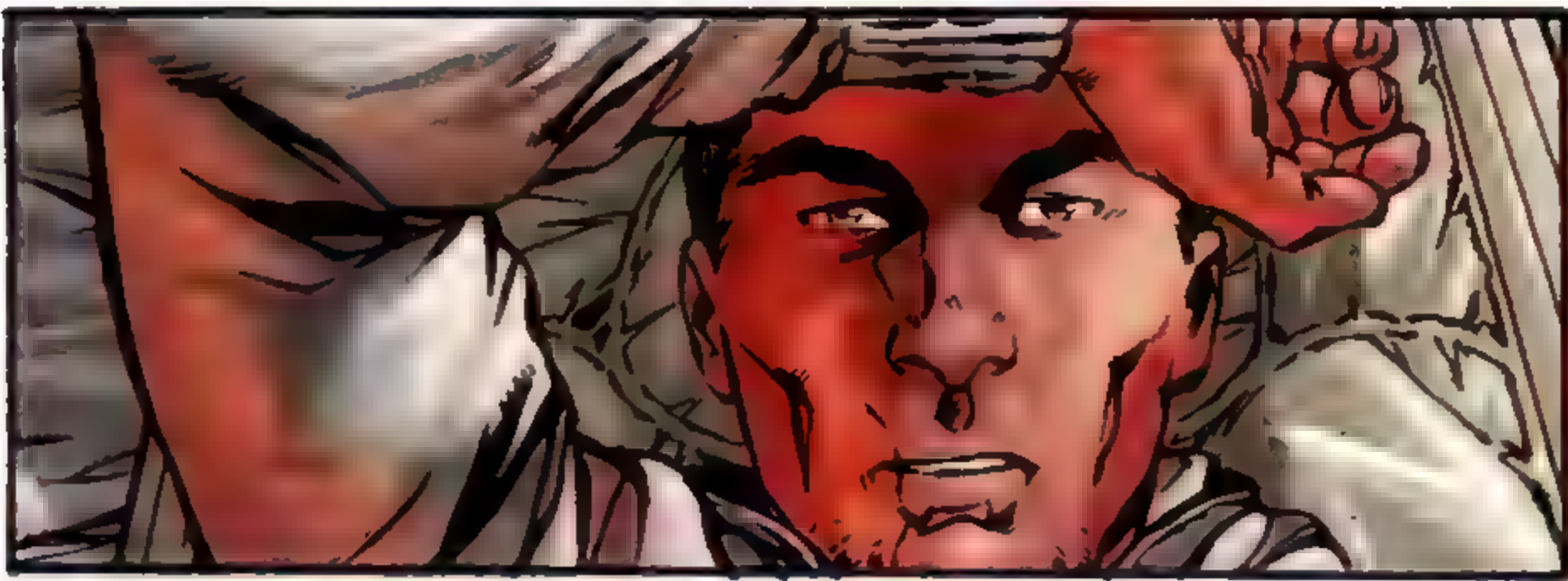


16







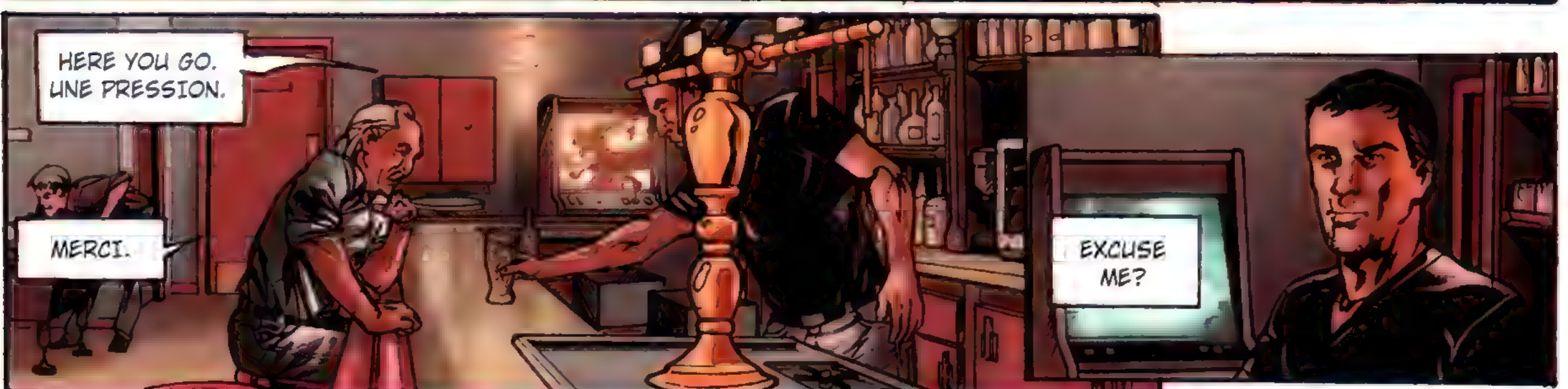


PARIS. TWO NIGHTS EARLIER.



HERE YOU GO.  
UNE PRESSION.

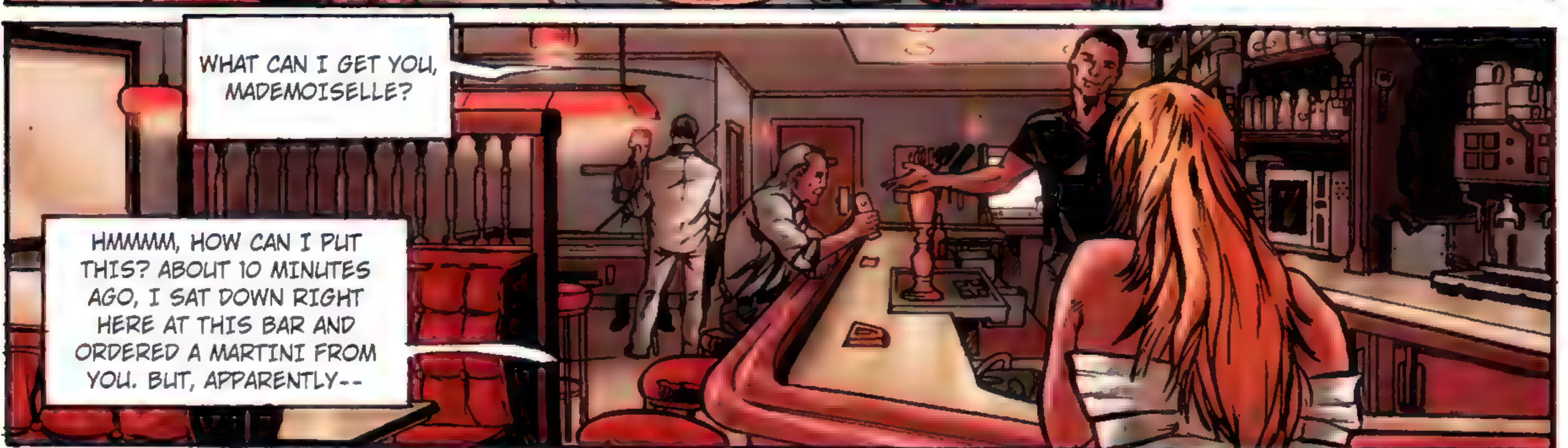
MERCI.



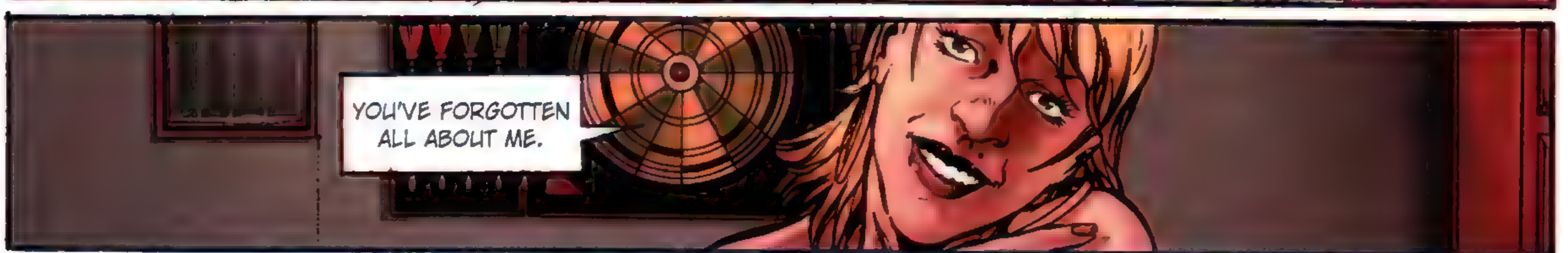
EXCUSE  
ME?

WHAT CAN I GET YOU,  
MADEMOISELLE?

HMMMM, HOW CAN I PUT  
THIS? ABOUT 10 MINUTES  
AGO, I SAT DOWN RIGHT  
HERE AT THIS BAR AND  
ORDERED A MARTINI FROM  
YOU. BUT, APPARENTLY--



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN  
ALL ABOUT ME.







I AM SO SORRY!  
I COMPLETELY FORGOT  
ABOUT YOUR ORDER.

IT'S OKAY. I DON'T  
BLAME YOU. IN FACT,  
I ENVY YOU.

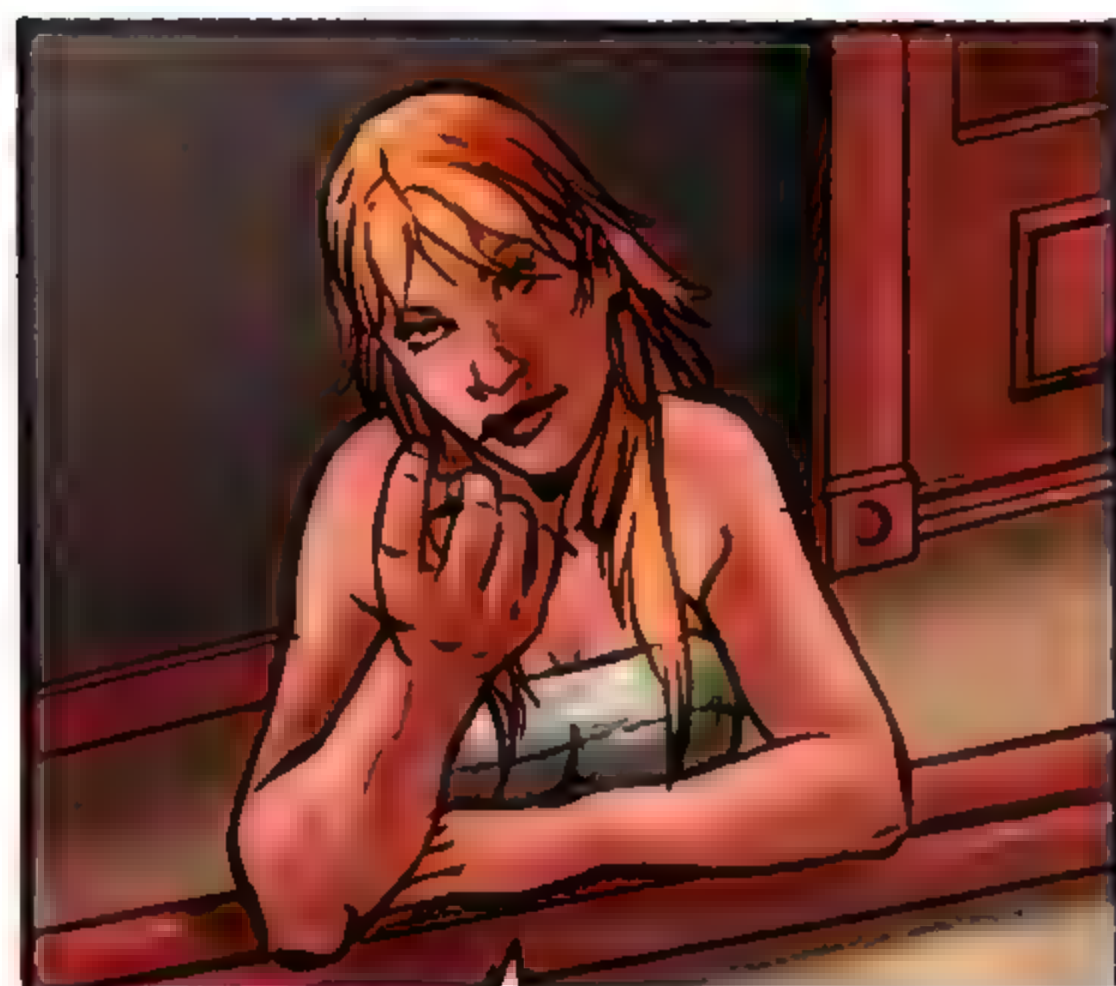


YOU ENVY ME?  
HOW COULD YOU  
BE JEALOUS OF  
SOMEONE LIKE ME?

BECAUSE YOU'RE  
INCREDIBLY LUCKY.  
YOU HAVE SUCH A  
FASCINATING JOB.



HAHA.  
EXHAUSTING?  
YEAH.  
BACK-BREAKING?  
DEFINITELY.  
OFTEN  
IRRITATING.  
DEMEANING  
FROM TIME  
TO TIME. BUT  
FASCINATING?  
I REALLY DON'T  
SEE WHAT  
YOU MEAN.



YOU DON'T SEE IT? COME OVER HERE  
AND OPEN YOUR EYES.



I DON'T  
FOLLOW.

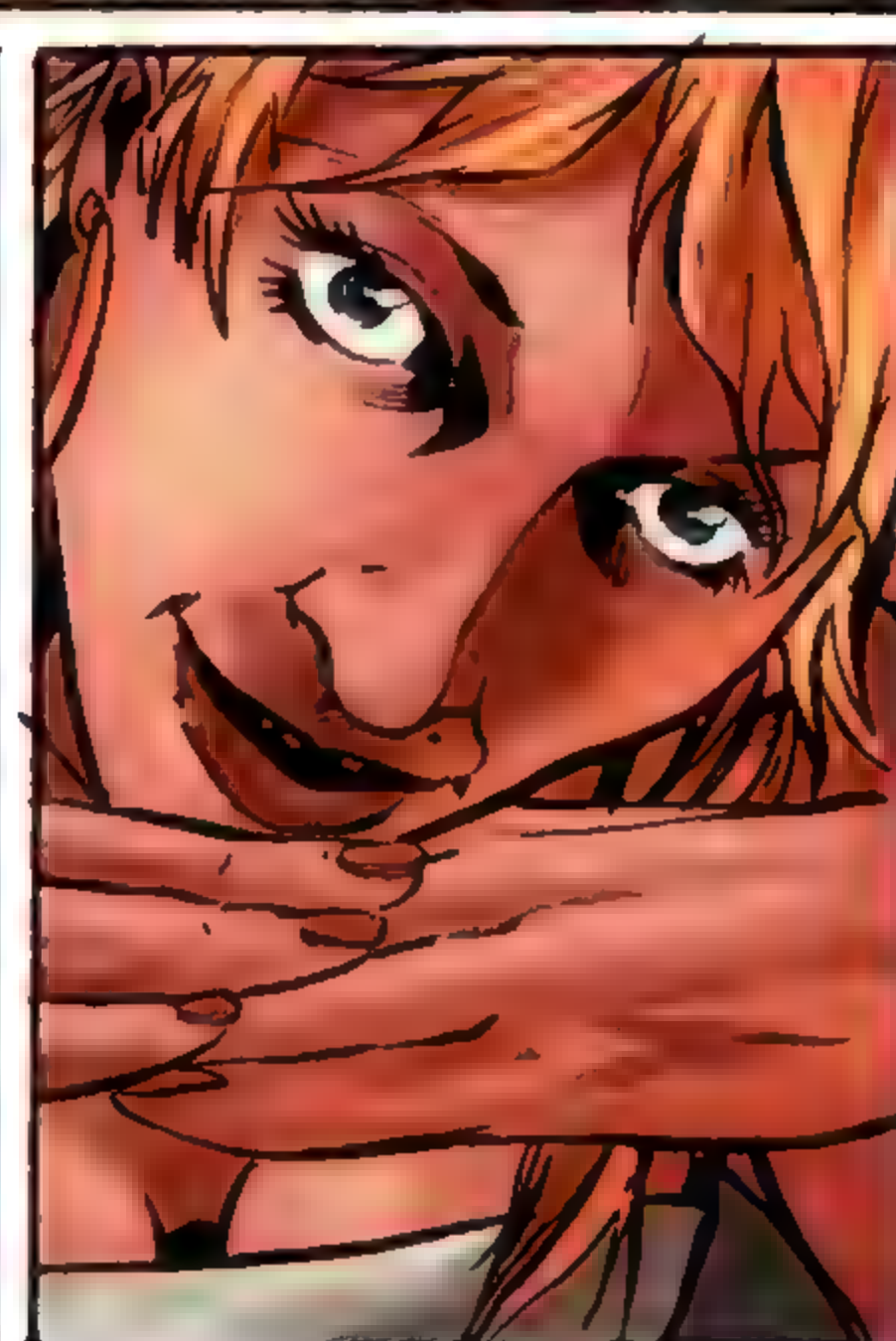
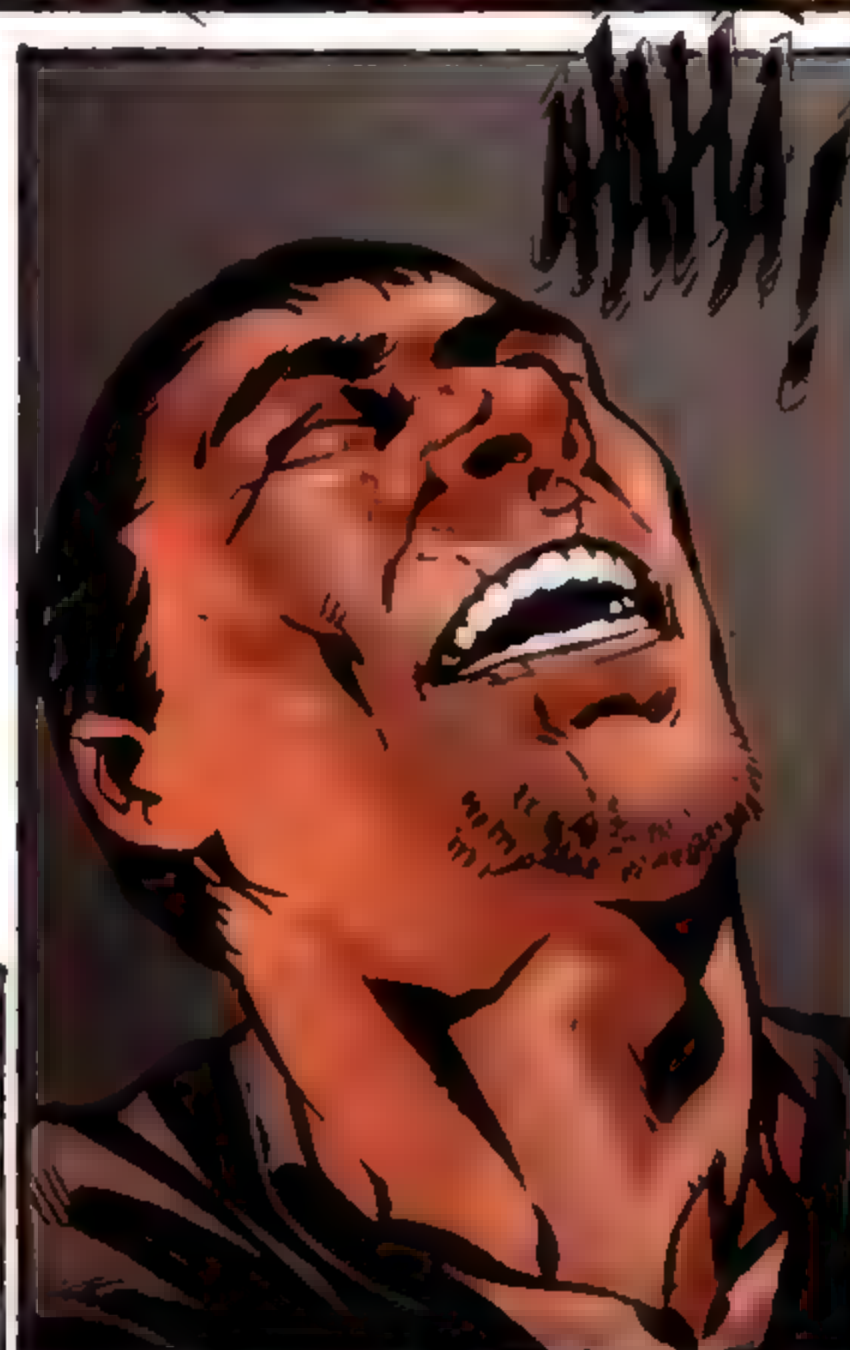
WHAT DO  
YOU SEE?



HMMM. OKAY,  
I SEE YOU.



BINGO! ISN'T THAT GREAT?  
YOU'RE STOOD THERE, AND  
ALL YOU CAN SEE IS ME!  
NOW TELL ME THAT THERE'S  
A LINE OF WORK MORE  
FASCINATING THAN THAT.







IT WAS NICE OF YOU  
TO WAIT AROUND UNTIL  
THE END OF MY SHIFT.

HA, FORGET ABOUT IT.  
I WASN'T BEING 'NICE'.  
I'M INTERESTED.

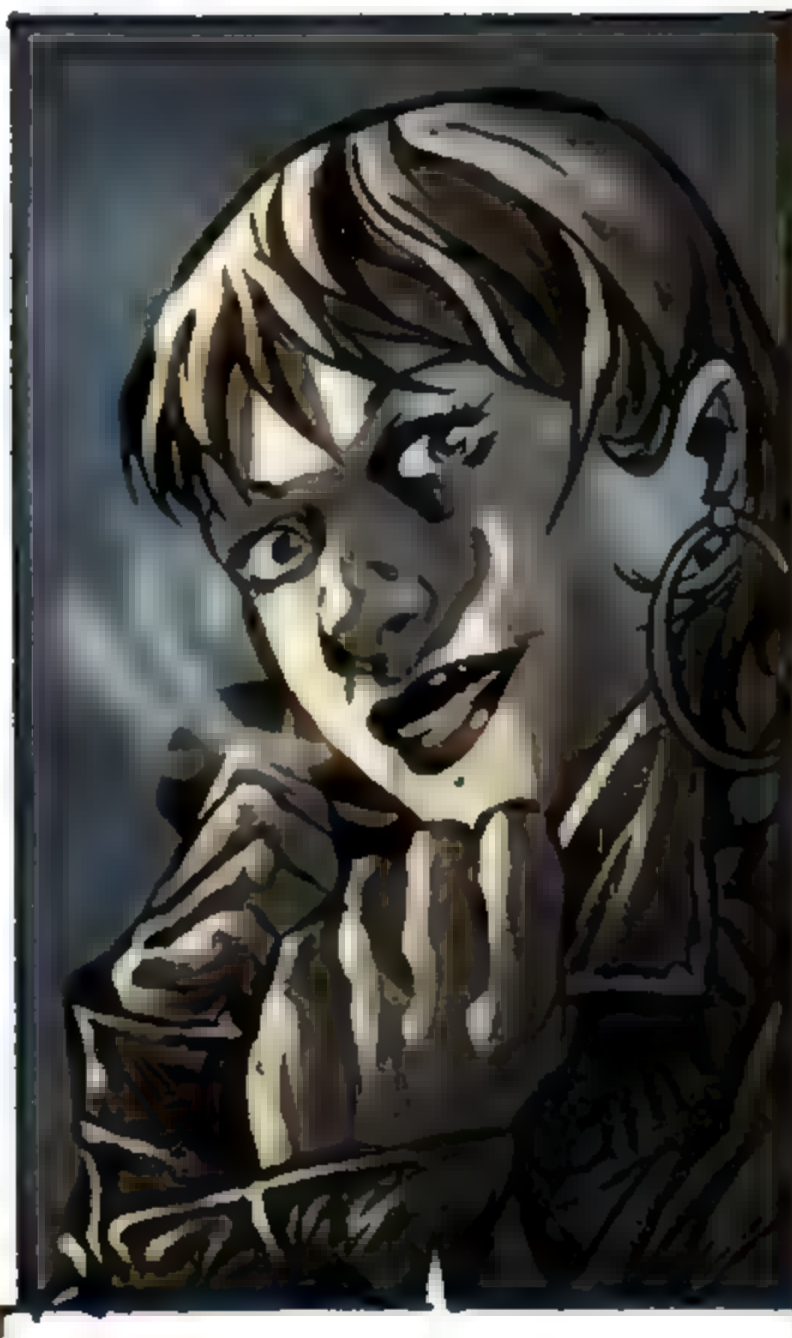


INTERESTED?  
IN WHAT?  
IN ME?

DON'T TELL ME I'M  
THE FIRST PERSON TO  
EVER TELL YOU THAT?!



OKAY, I WON'T.  
BUT I CAN TELL YOU MY  
NAME IF YOU WANT?  
I'M DESMOND.



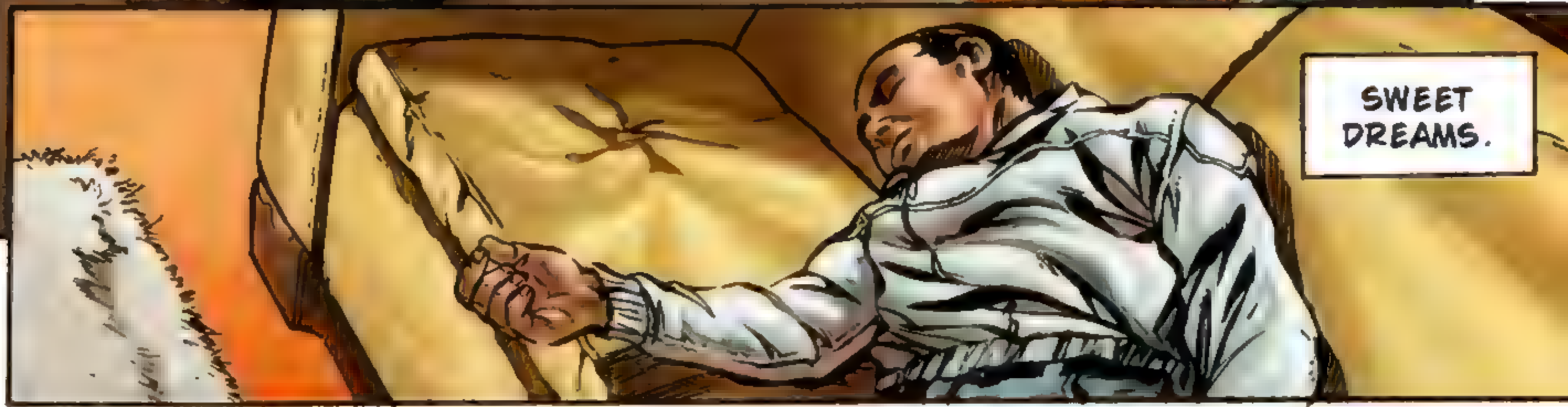
HEY, DESMOND?  
I'M COMPLETELY FROZEN  
OUT HERE. HOW ABOUT WE  
GET OUT OF THE COLD AND  
WARM UP AT MY PLACE?  
I LIVE PRETTY CLOSE  
TO HERE.



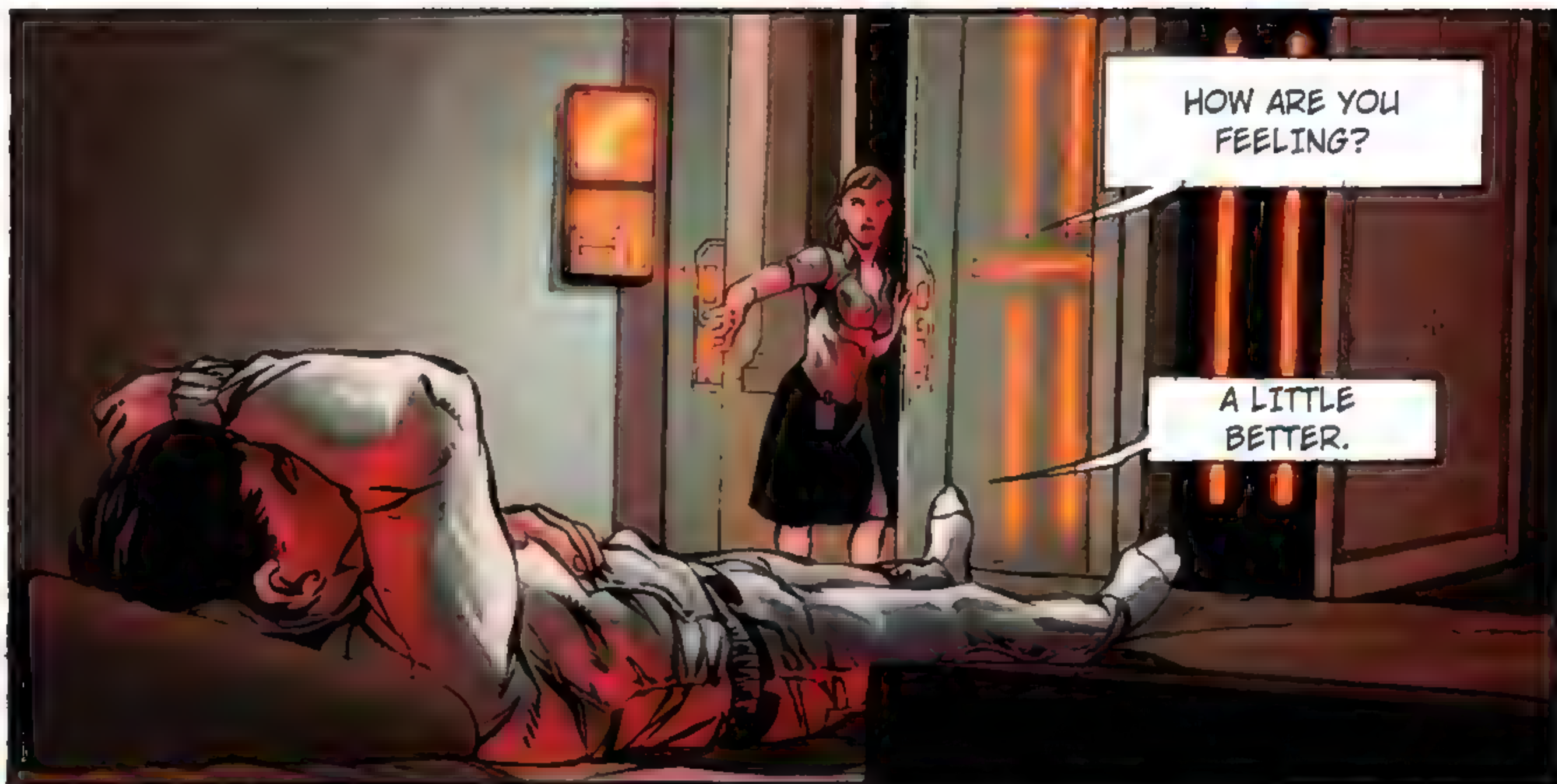
OKAY, BUT ON  
ONE CONDITION.  
YOU TELL ME  
YOUR NAME.

HAHA, DEAL!  
YOU CAN CALL  
ME MELANIE.









HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

A LITTLE BETTER.



GLAD TO HEAR IT.

YOU KNOW WHAT, LUCY? YOU WERE RIGHT.

ABOUT WHAT?



???

MY MEMORY!

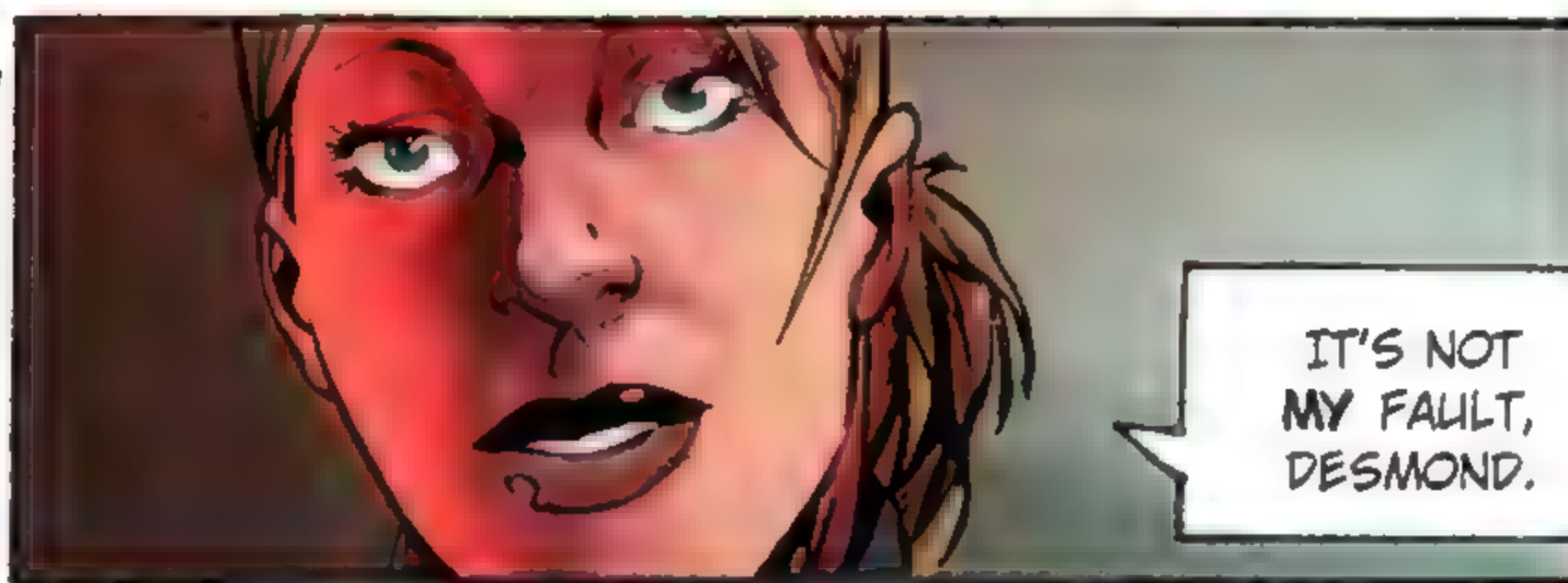


I DIDN'T COME HERE OF MY OWN FREE WILL! I WAS KIDNAPPED! YOU DRUGGED ME!

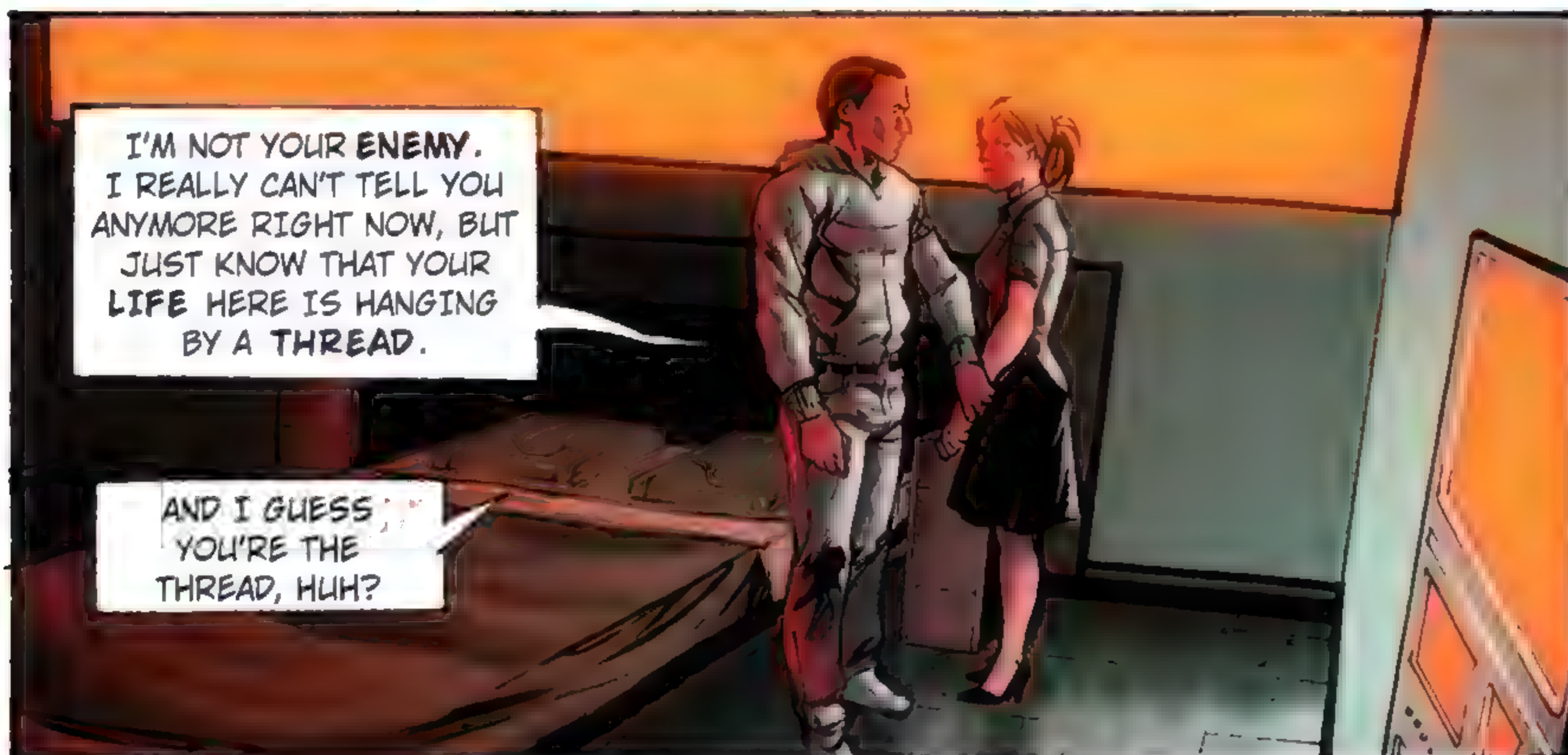
DESMOND, YOU'RE HURTING ME!



GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON TO LET YOU GO!



IT'S NOT MY FAULT, DESMOND.



I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY. I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU ANYMORE RIGHT NOW, BUT JUST KNOW THAT YOUR LIFE HERE IS HANGING BY A THREAD.

AND I GUESS YOU'RE THE THREAD, HUH?



LET HER GO, MR MILES, AND YOU SHALL SEE.





WHO ARE YOU?

KNOWING WHO I AM WILL NOT COMFORT YOU, MR MILES. INDEED, THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT US, THE BETTER.



THEN AT LEAST TELL ME WHY YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE!

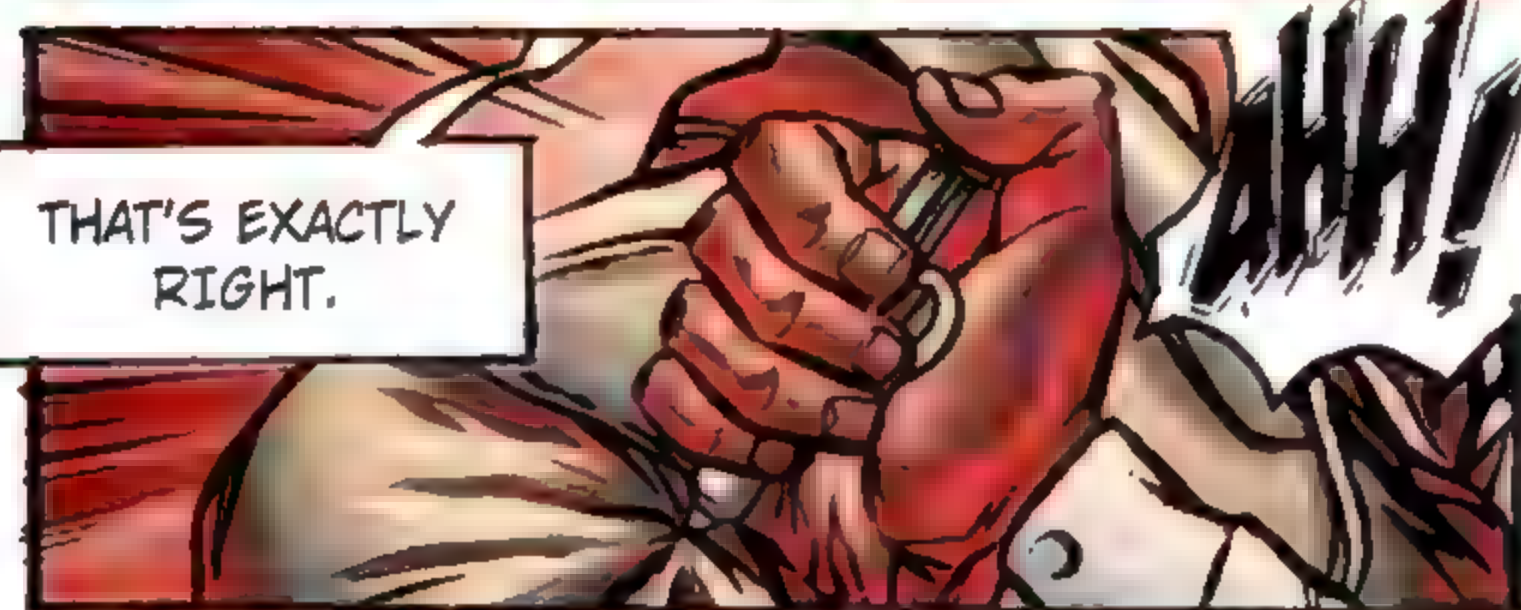
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHY SOON ENOUGH. YOU SHOULD TAKE SOLACE IN THE FACT THAT WITHIN THESE WALLS YOUR PATHETIC, LITTLE EXISTENCE MAY FINALLY BE WORTH SOMETHING.



YOU ARE HERE TO PARTICIPATE IN A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE, DESMOND. ANY ATTEMPT TO FIND OUT MORE COULD LEAD TO FURTHER DELAYS.



AND I DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE BUT TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU TELL ME, RIGHT?



THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT.



WHAT DID YOU INJECT ME WITH?



DON'T WORRY, IT'S NOTHING FATAL.



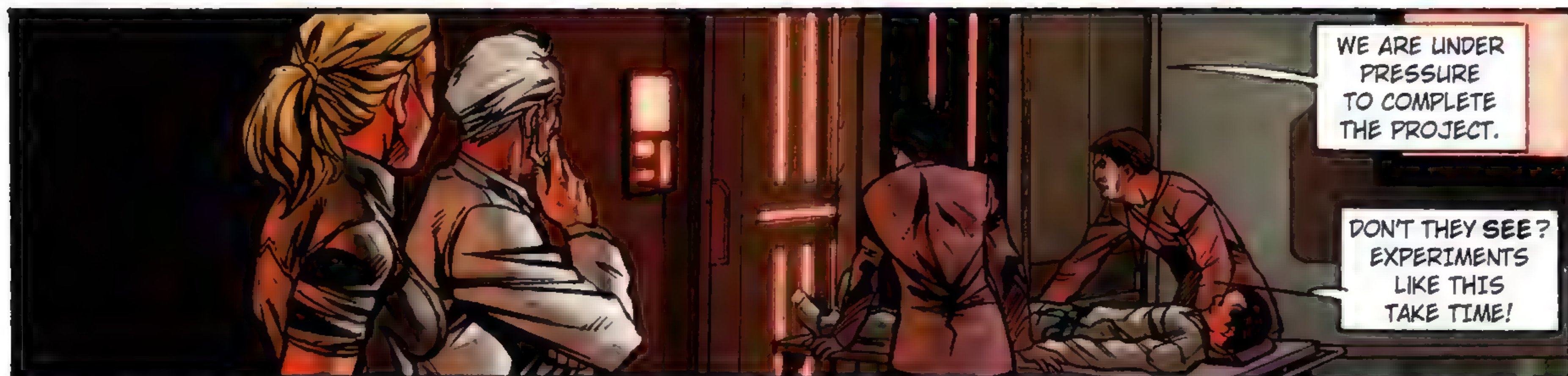
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO ALLOW YOU TO SAFELY PARTICIPATE IN ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO THE PAST.





ISN'T IT TOO SOON FOR  
A NEW SESSION?  
HE'S ONLY BEEN OUT OF  
THE ANIMUS FOR  
AN HOUR.

DO YOU THINK  
WE HAVE A  
CHOICE?



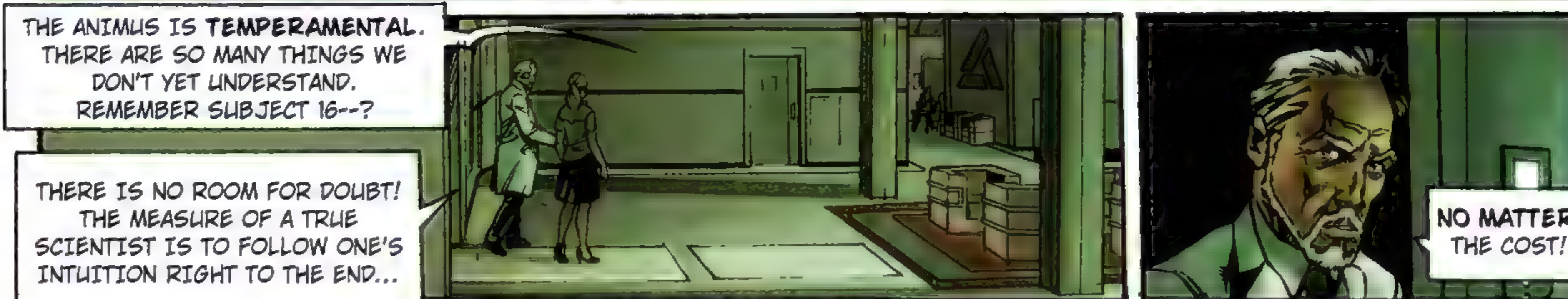
WE ARE UNDER  
PRESSURE  
TO COMPLETE  
THE PROJECT.

DON'T THEY SEE?  
EXPERIMENTS  
LIKE THIS  
TAKE TIME!



WE WILL ONLY SHOW THEM THE RESULTS  
IF THE SUBJECT **SUCCESSFULLY**  
PASSES THE ANIMUS TRIAL.  
IF HE'S UNABLE TO RESIST THE SHOCK,  
WE'LL BE KEEPING THEM IN THE DARK.

HE WILL RESIST IT. I'VE MODIFIED THE  
PROTOCOL BASED ON HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.  
EVERYTHING SHOULD PROCEED WITHOUT A  
PROBLEM--AT LEAST IN PRINCIPLE.



THE ANIMUS IS **TEMPERAMENTAL**.  
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS WE  
DON'T YET UNDERSTAND.  
REMEMBER SUBJECT 16--?

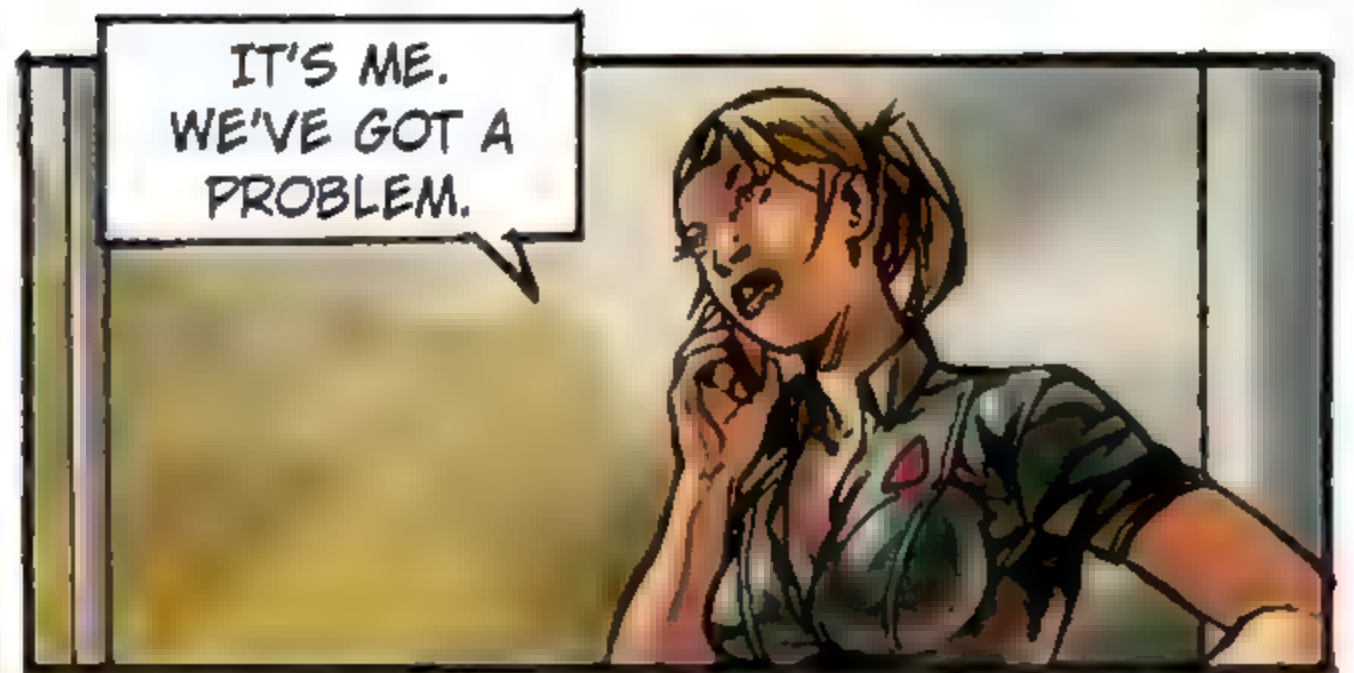
THERE IS NO ROOM FOR DOUBT!  
THE MEASURE OF A TRUE  
SCIENTIST IS TO FOLLOW ONE'S  
INTUITION RIGHT TO THE END...

NO MATTER  
THE COST!

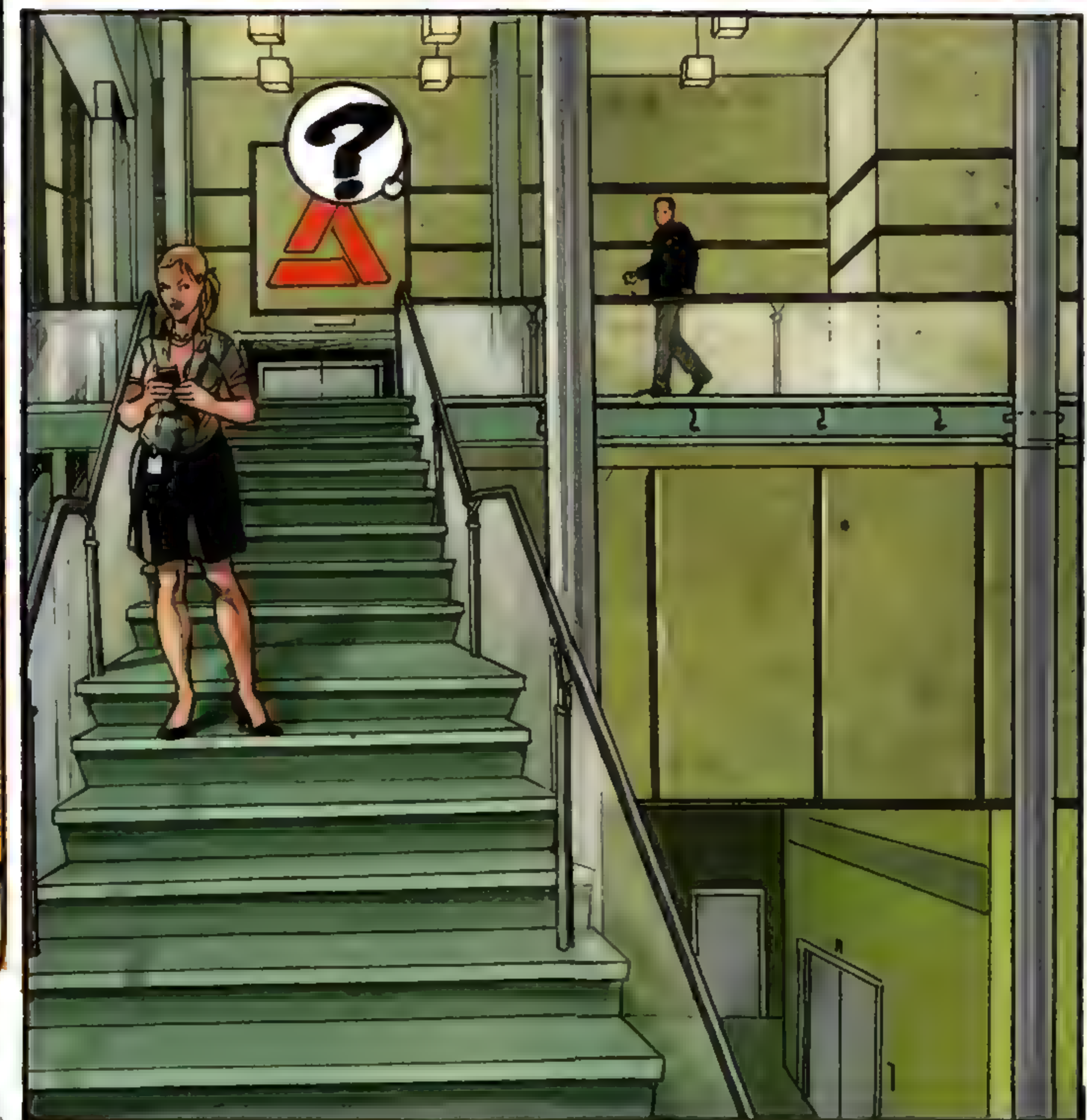
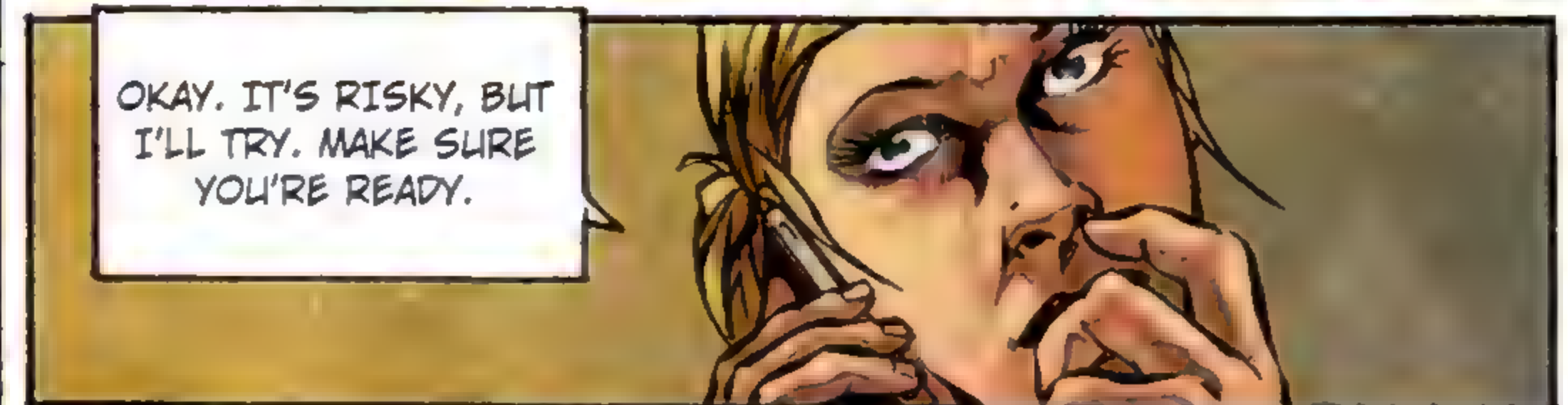


DO NOT MAKE US  
REGRET GIVING YOU  
THIS POSITION,  
MISS STILLMAN.

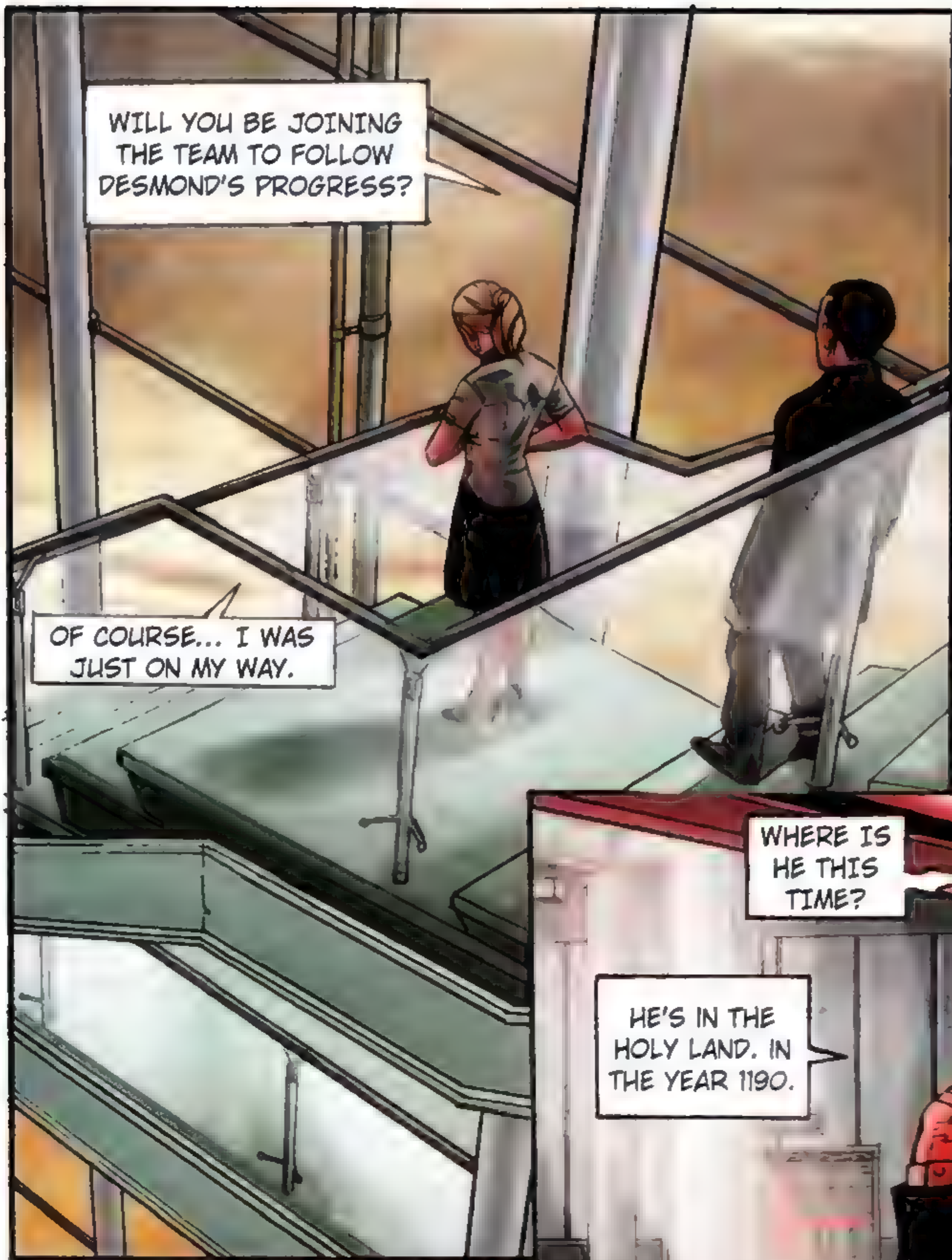




EVERYONE'S ON EDGE. DESMOND IS BEING PREPPED TO RE-ENTER THE PROGRAMME. WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF HIS EXPERIENCE, FAILURE OR SUCCESS, THEIR INTENTIONS ARE CLEAR, THEY WANT TO GET RID OF HIM.

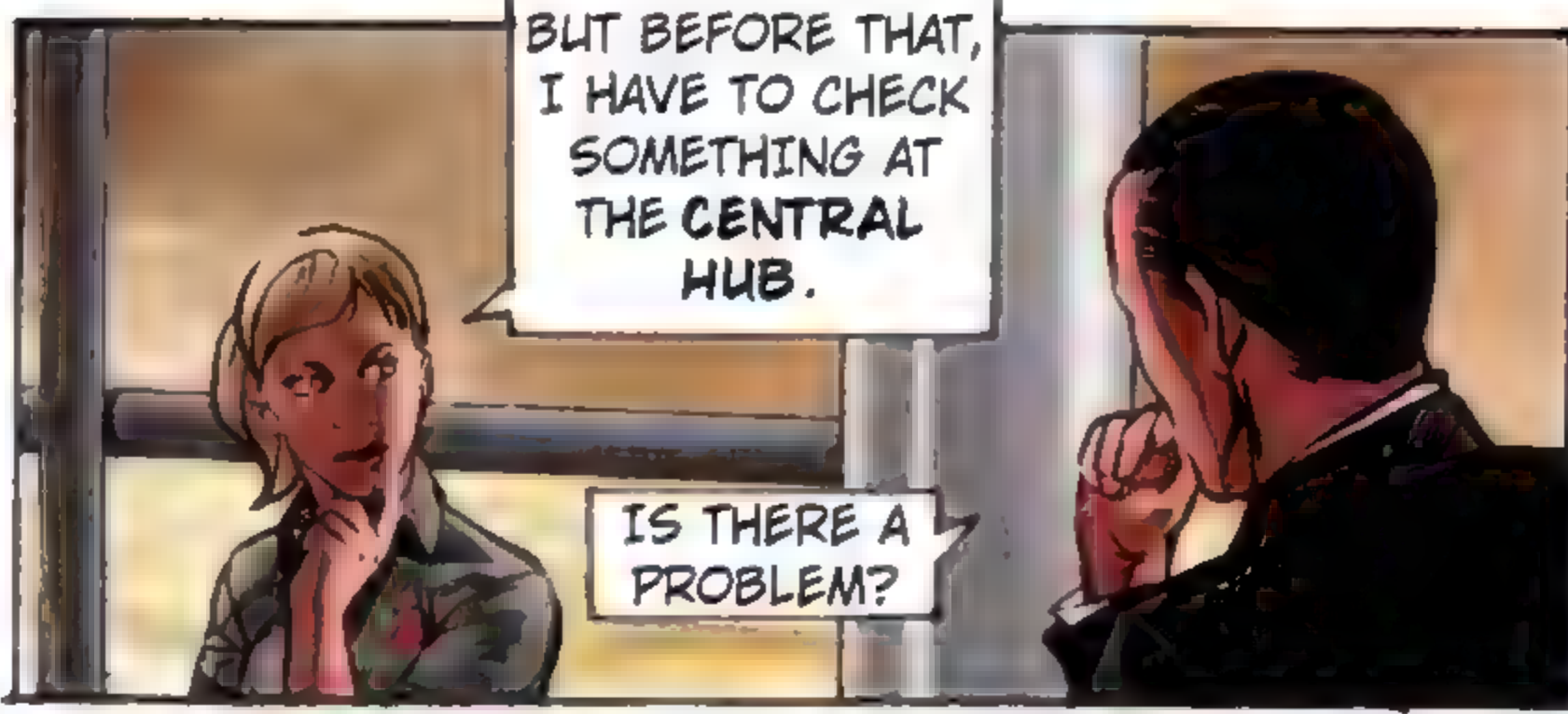






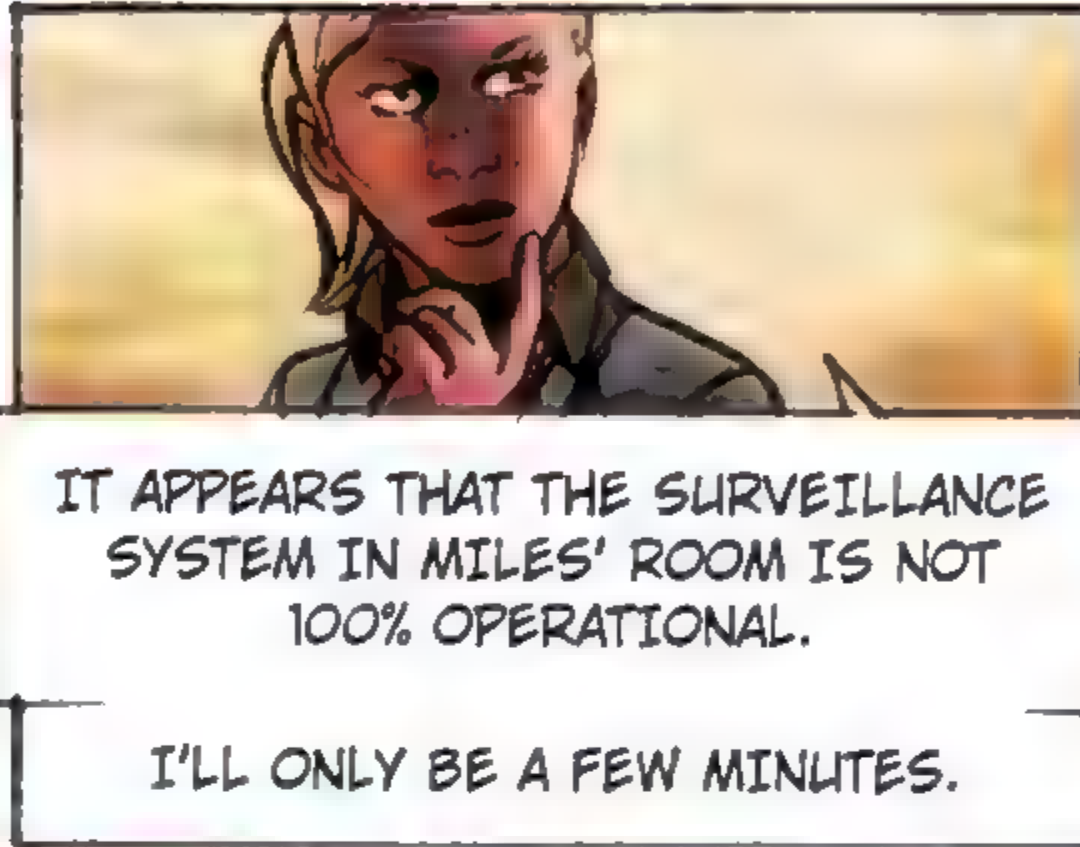
WILL YOU BE JOINING THE TEAM TO FOLLOW DESMOND'S PROGRESS?

OF COURSE... I WAS JUST ON MY WAY.



BUT BEFORE THAT, I HAVE TO CHECK SOMETHING AT THE CENTRAL HUB.

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

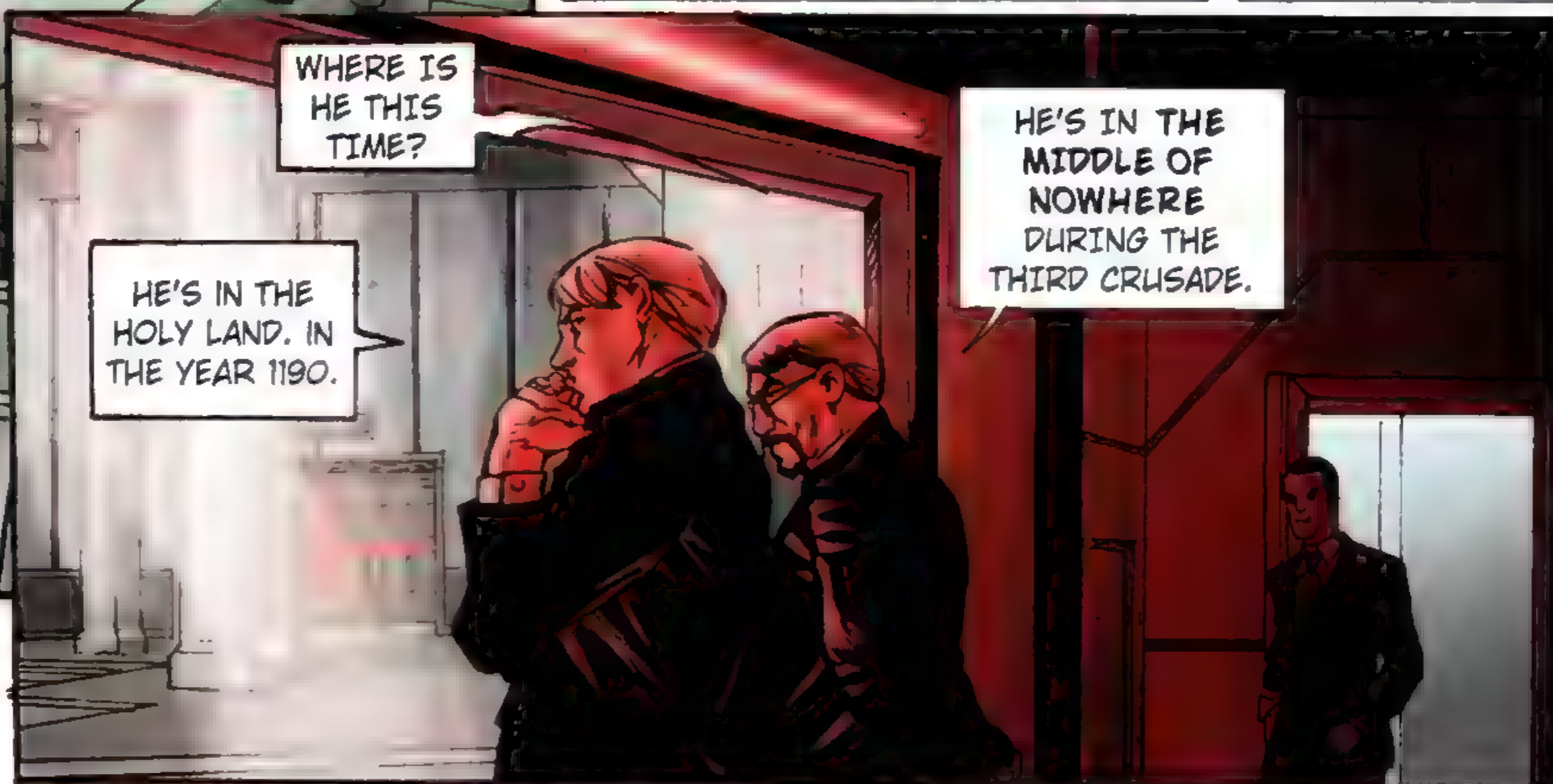


IT APPEARS THAT THE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM IN MILES' ROOM IS NOT 100% OPERATIONAL.

I'LL ONLY BE A FEW MINUTES.



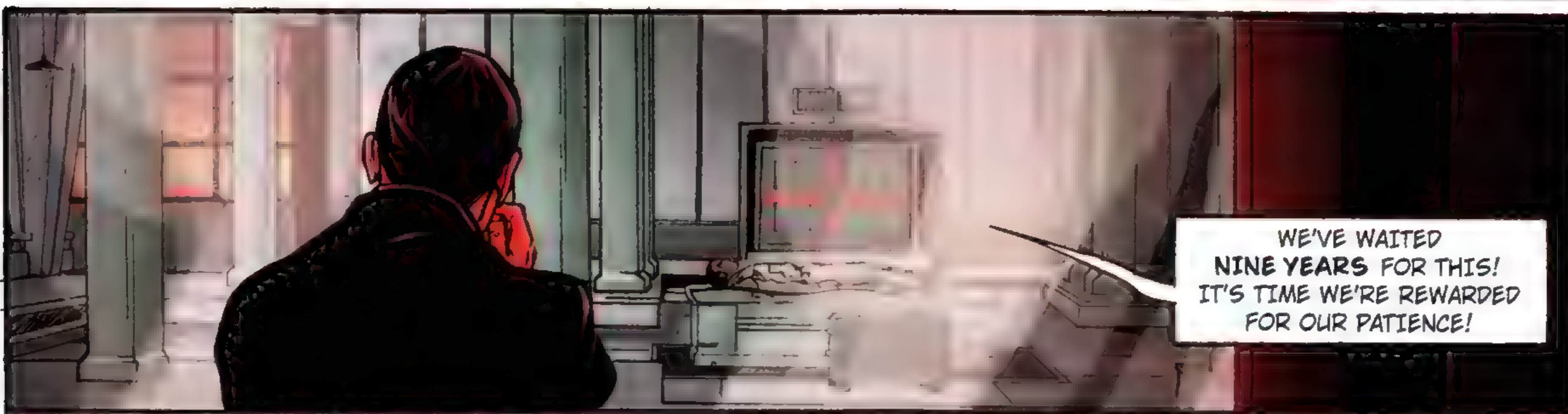
FINE. WE'LL START WITHOUT YOU.



WHERE IS HE THIS TIME?

HE'S IN THE HOLY LAND. IN THE YEAR 1190.

HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE DURING THE THIRD CRUSADE.



WE'VE WAITED NINE YEARS FOR THIS! IT'S TIME WE'RE REWARDED FOR OUR PATIENCE!







IT WAS A VERY AMBITIOUS ORDER, TAMIR! YOUR CLIENT REQUIRES SO MUCH, AND THE DESTINATION -- IT IS A DIFFICULT ROUTE!

WERE IT THAT YOU COULD PRODUCE WEAPONS WITH THE SAME SKILL YOU PRODUCE EXCUSES!



I'VE DONE ALL THAT I CAN, I ASSURE YOU...

IT IS NOT ENOUGH!

THEN PERHAPS YOU ASK TOO MUCH!

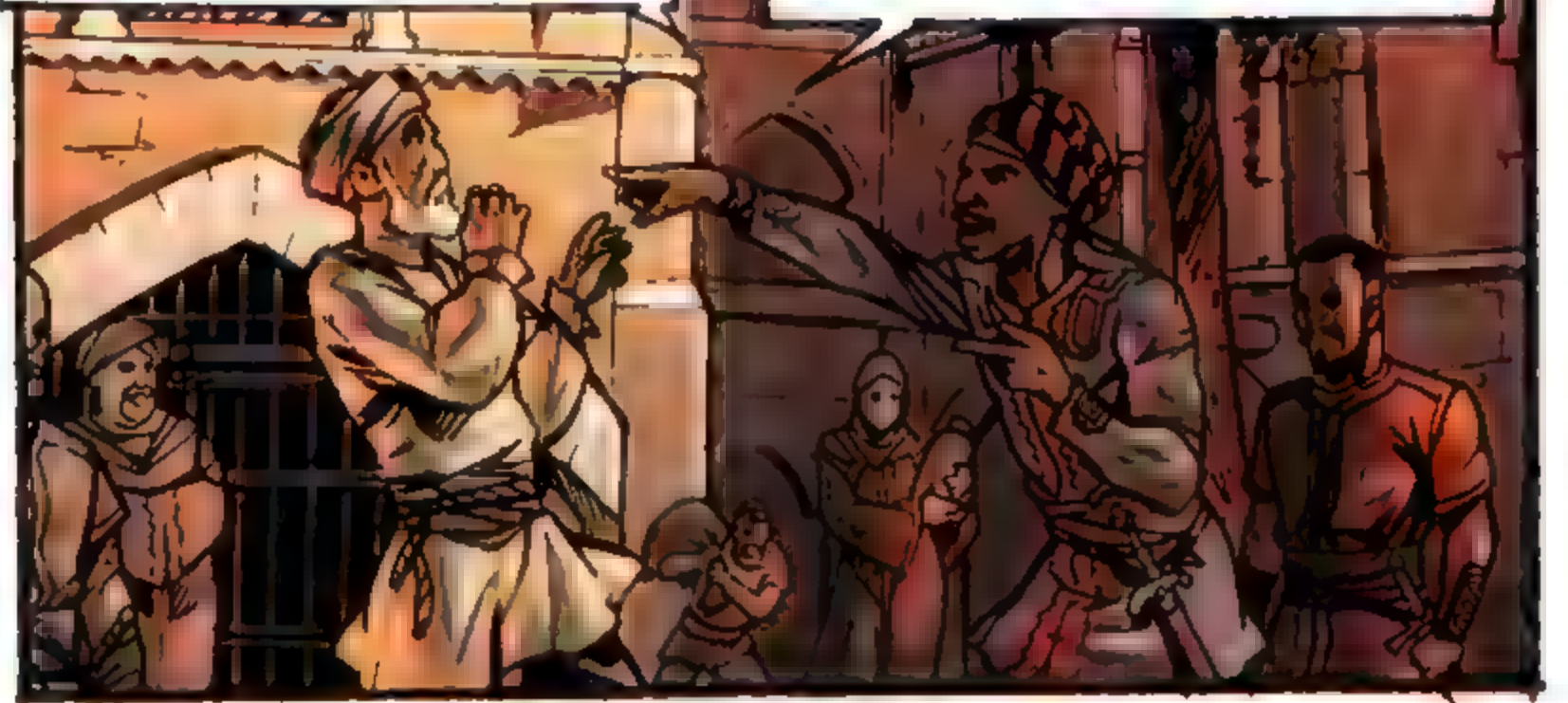
TOO MUCH? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR DEBT TO ME?! IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU'D BE NOTHING BUT A MISERABLE SNAKE CHARMER!

ALL THAT I ASK IS THAT YOU HONOR MY ORDERS! AND YOU CAN'T EVEN DO THAT!

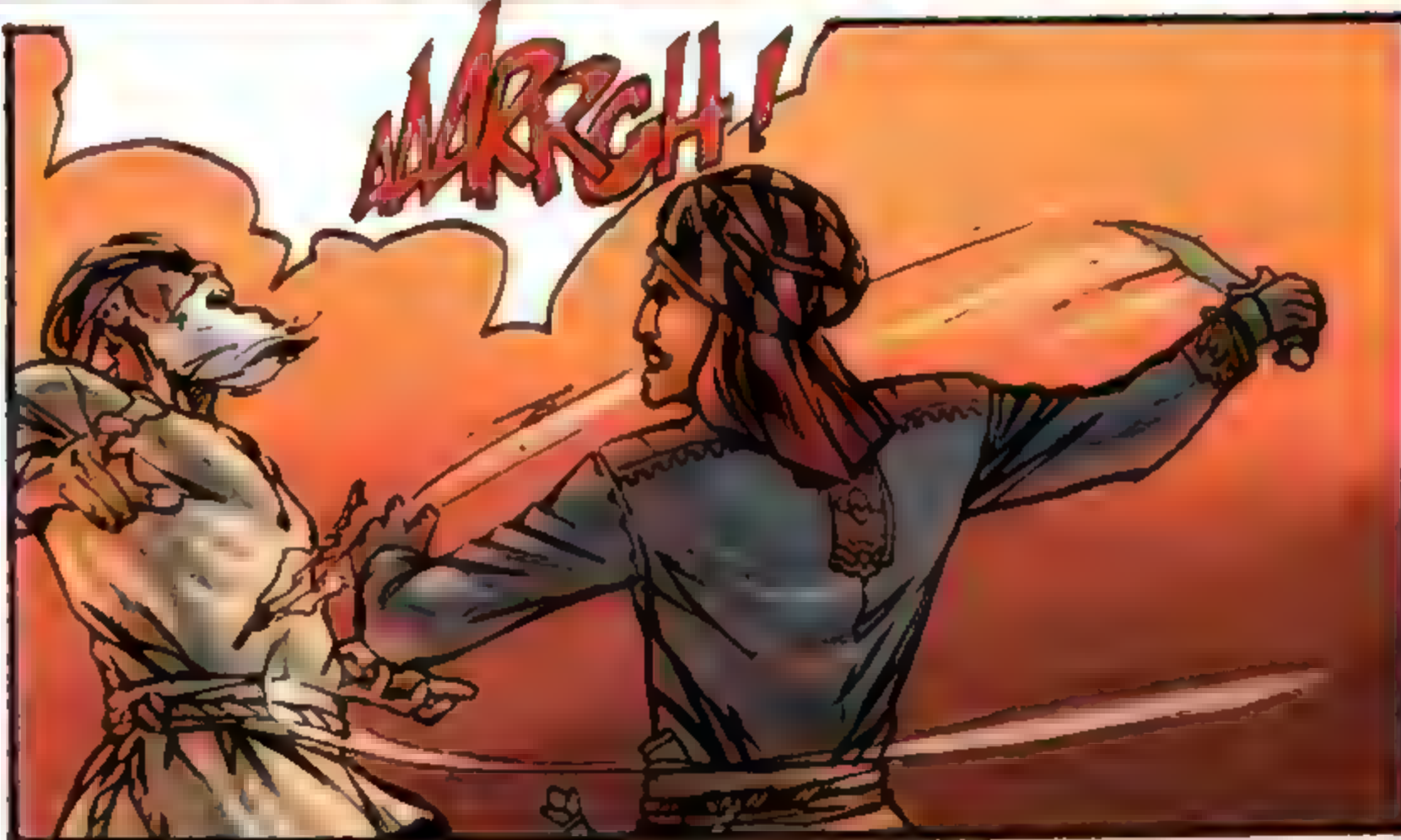


YOU FAIL TO SHOW ME RESPECT! HOW DARE YOU, AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE?

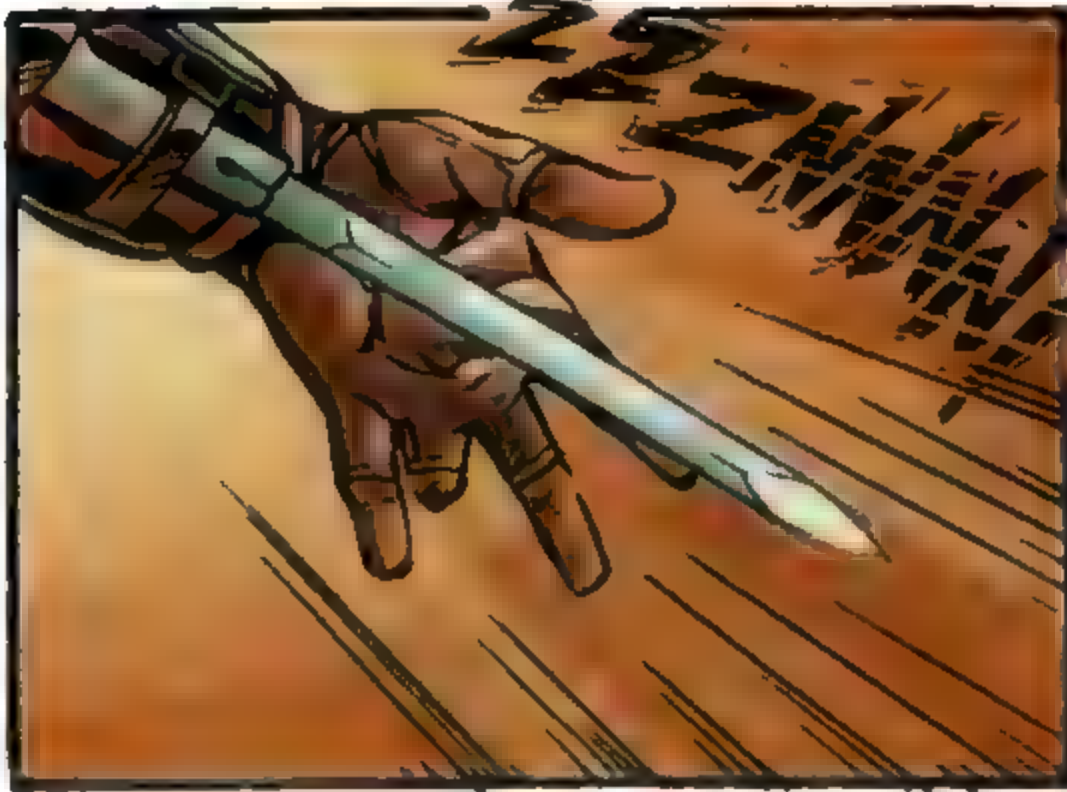
I BEG YOU, TAMIR... I MEANT NO INSULT!



THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT YOUR MOUTH SHUT!





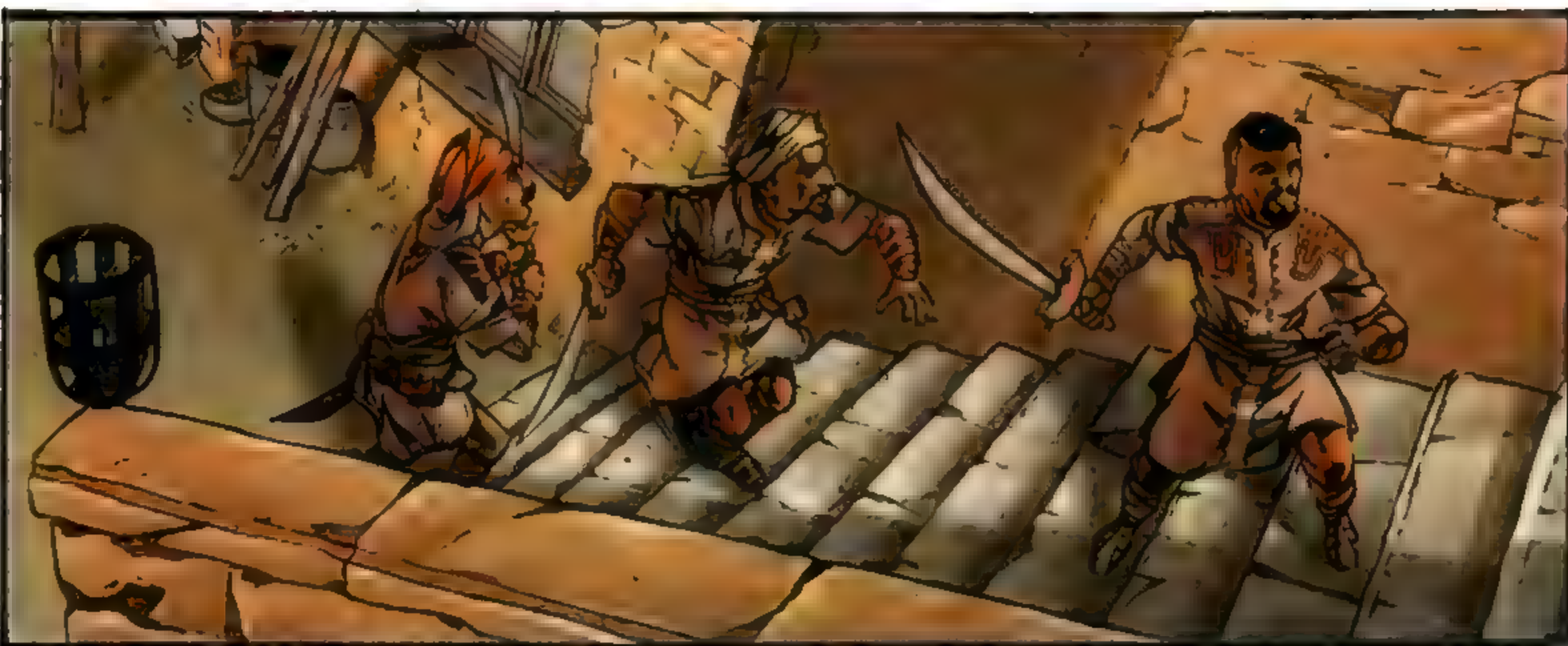


YOU DIE BY MY BLADE, BUT KNOW THAT IT IS AL MUALIM, MASTER OF MASYAF, WHO HAS CONDEMNED YOU TO DEATH.

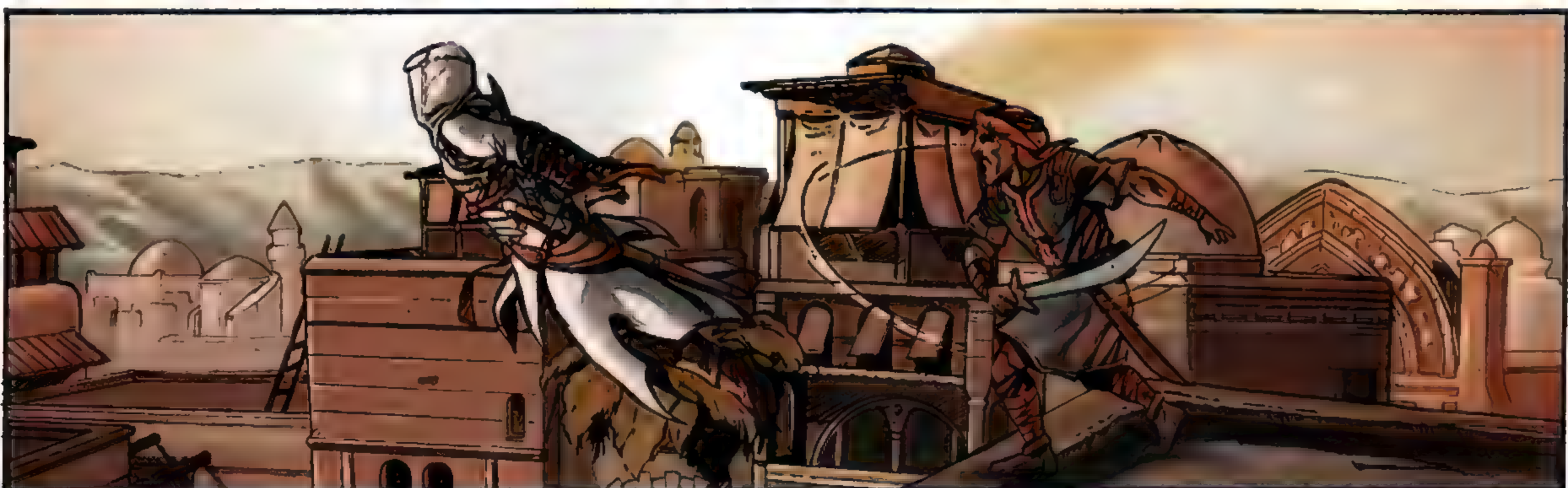
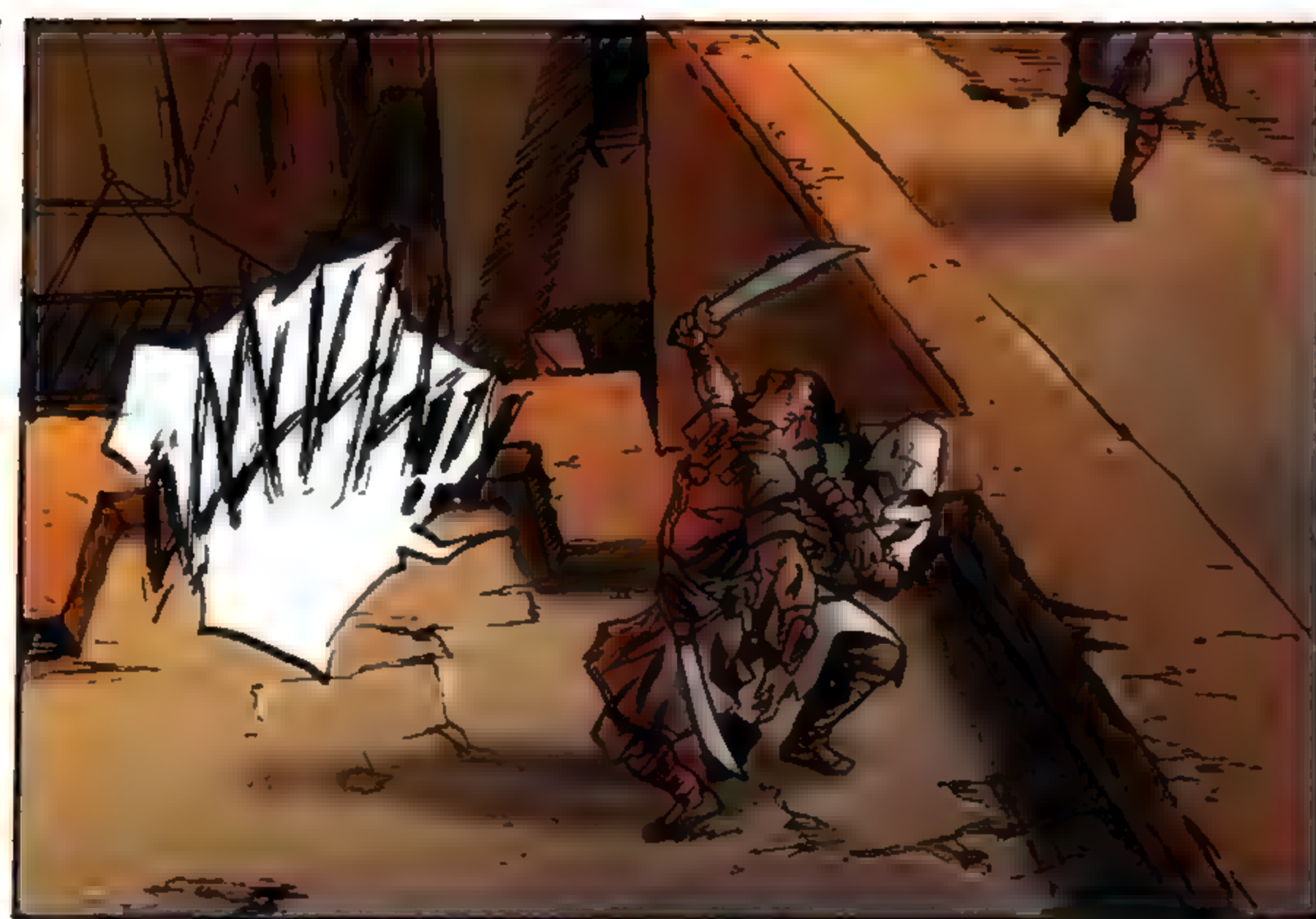


YOU... YOU ARE MISTAKEN... YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS... YOU, AND ALL YOUR KIND!

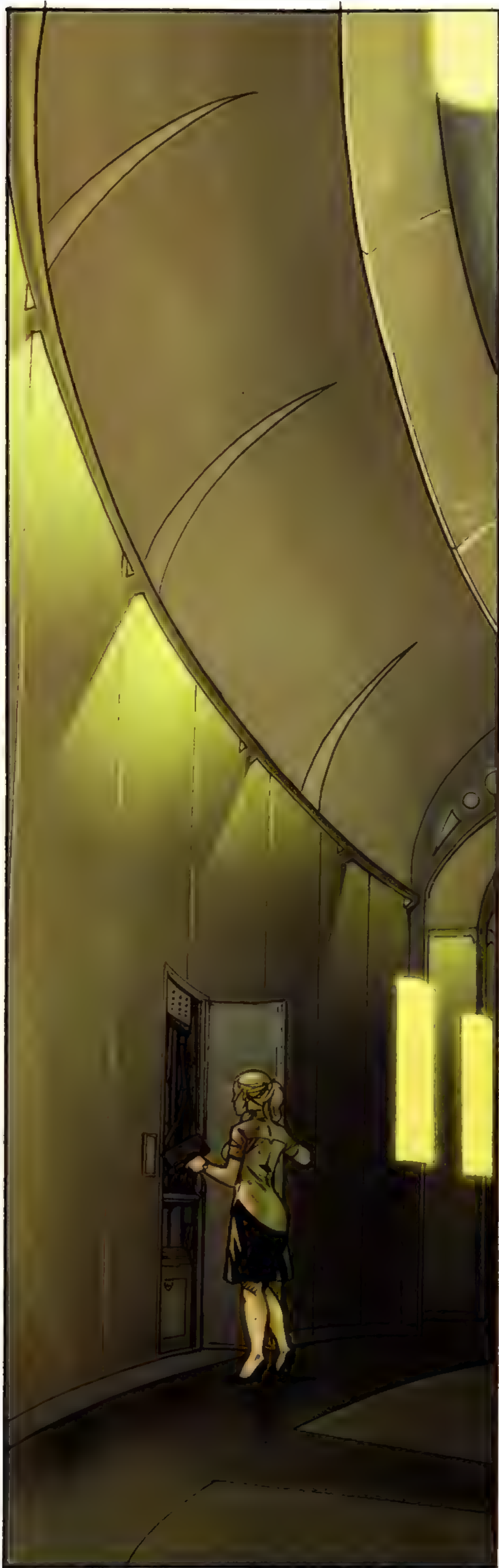












ALTER THE  
PARAMETERS.



AMEND THE  
SCHEDULE.



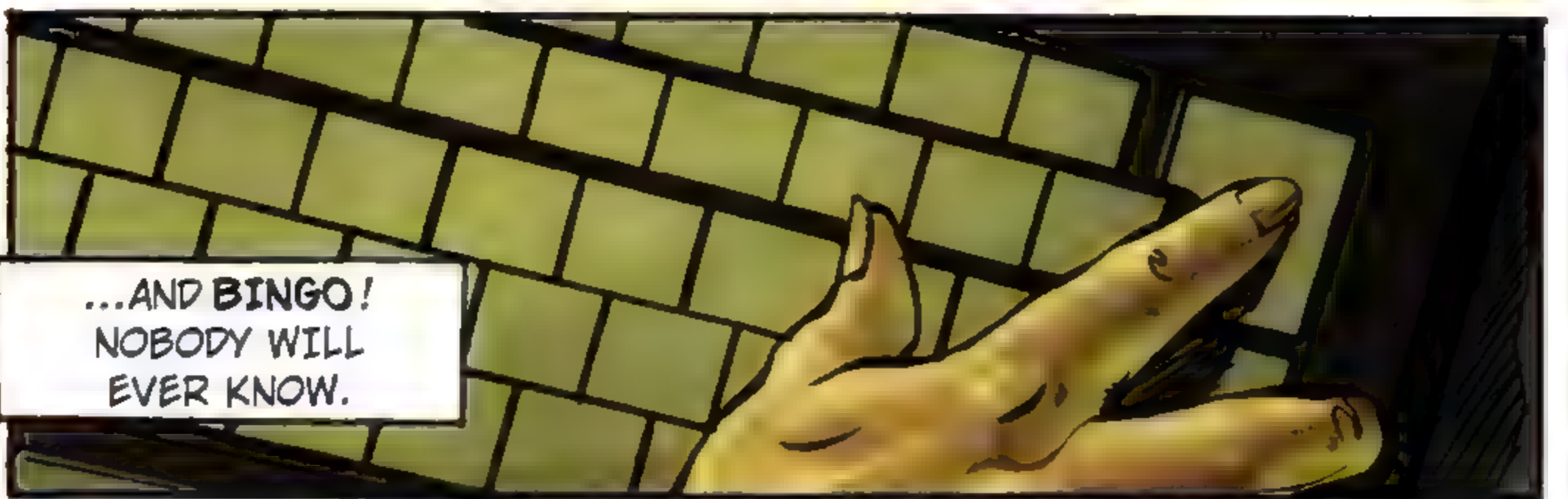
DISABLE THE  
CAMERAS.



DISGUISE THE  
MODIFICATIONS.



THEN, DELETE  
THE HISTORY...



...AND **BINGO!**  
NOBODY WILL  
EVER KNOW.

89

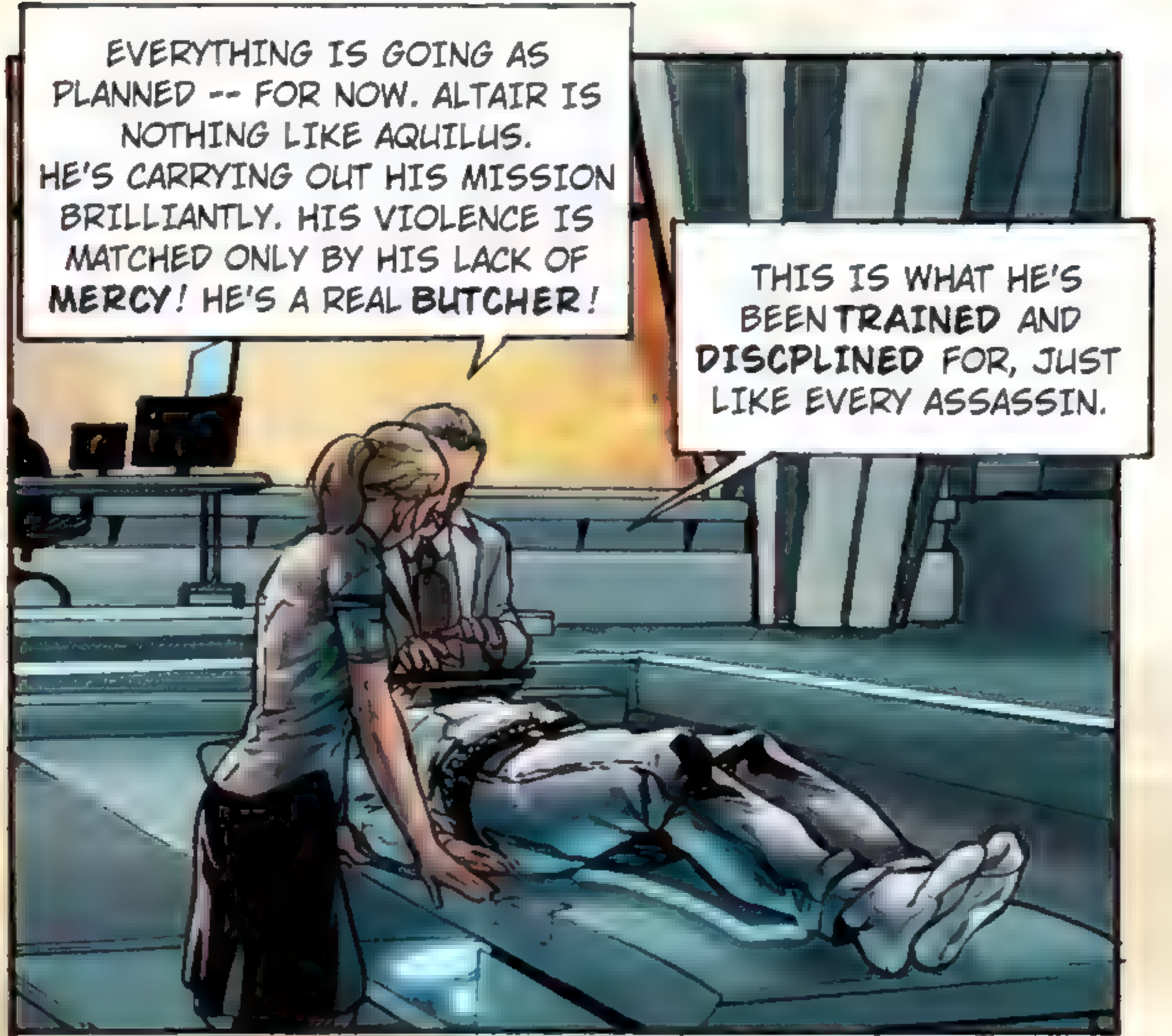




WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

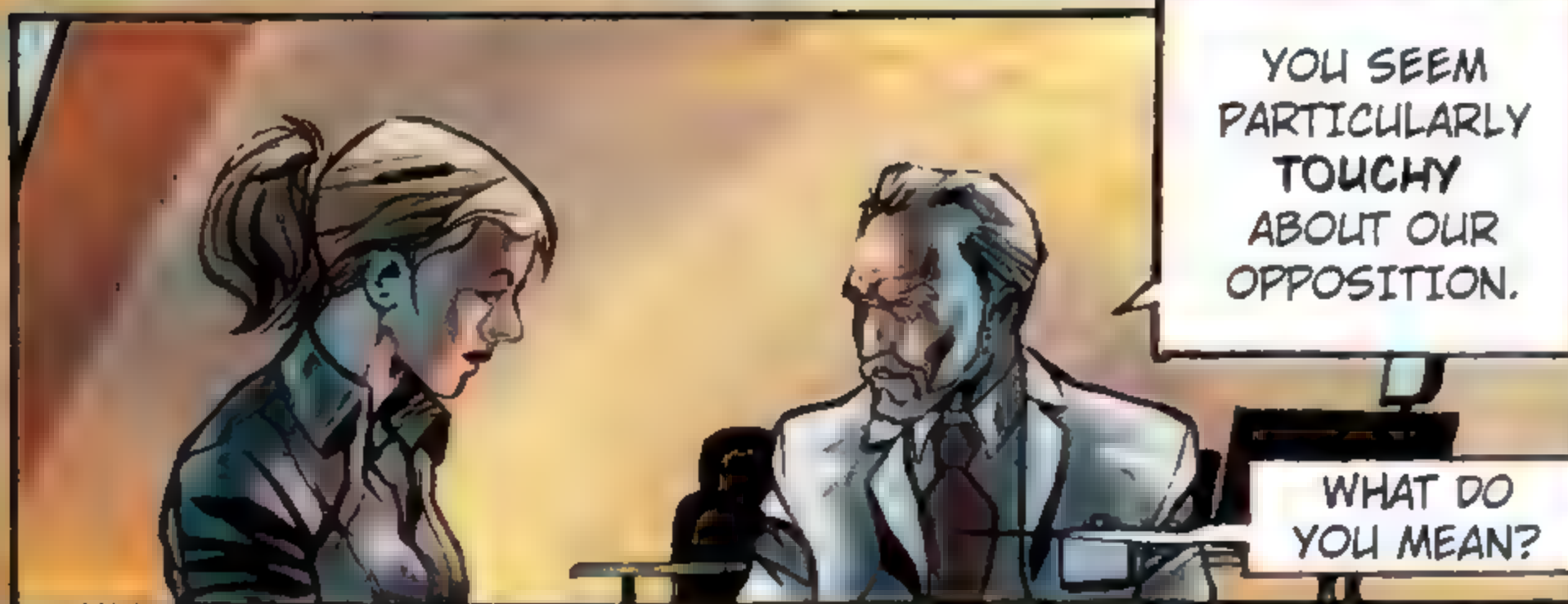
AT THE HUB. I HAD TO FIX SOMETHING...

HOW'S HE DOING?



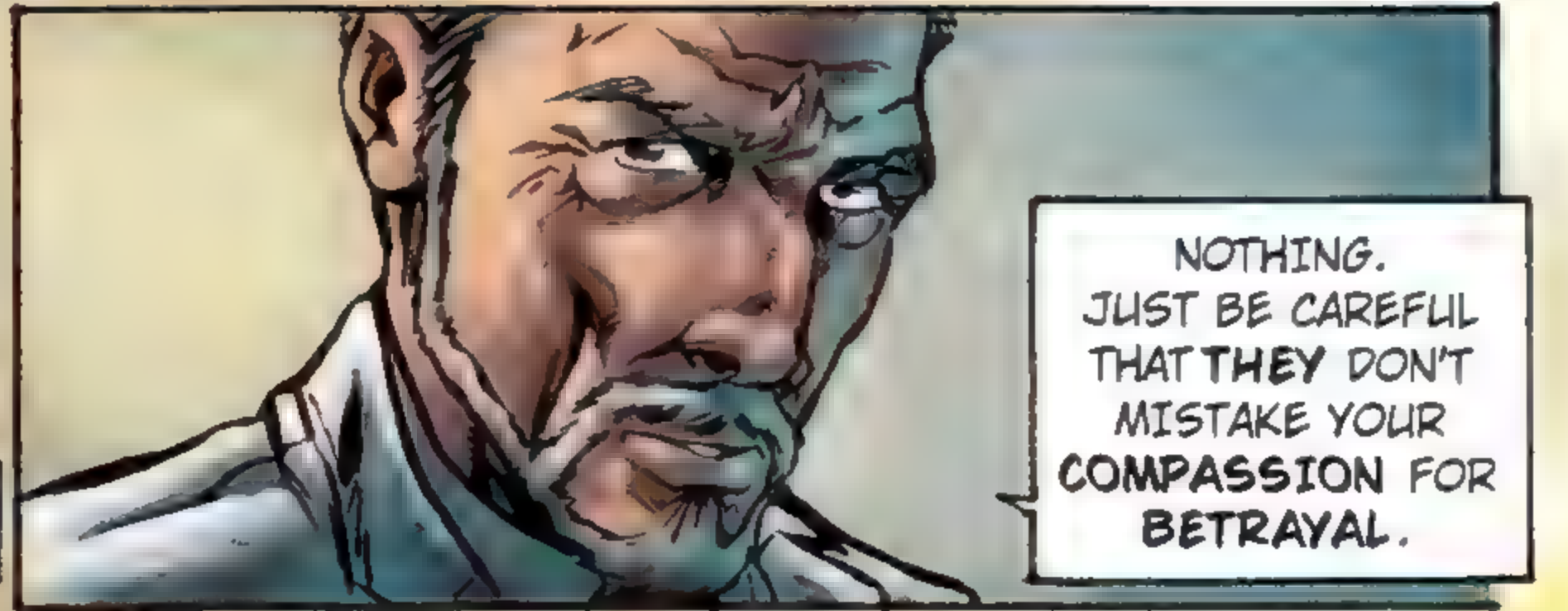
EVERYTHING IS GOING AS PLANNED -- FOR NOW. ALTAIR IS NOTHING LIKE AQUILLUS. HE'S CARRYING OUT HIS MISSION BRILLIANTLY. HIS VIOLENCE IS MATCHED ONLY BY HIS LACK OF MERCY! HE'S A REAL BUTCHER!

THIS IS WHAT HE'S BEEN TRAINED AND DISCIPLINED FOR, JUST LIKE EVERY ASSASSIN.



YOU SEEM PARTICULARLY TOUCHY ABOUT OUR OPPOSITION.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



NOTHING. JUST BE CAREFUL THAT THEY DON'T MISTAKE YOUR COMPASSION FOR BETRAYAL.



AND DON'T YOU FORGET THAT WITHOUT MY HELP, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.

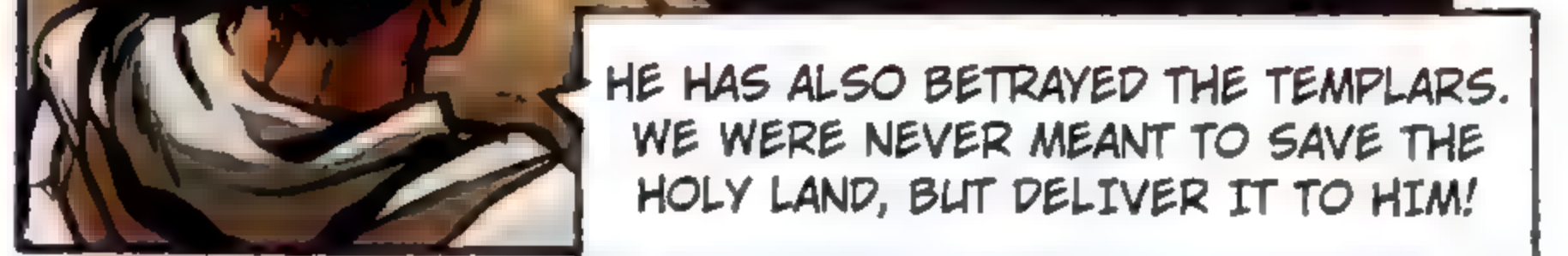
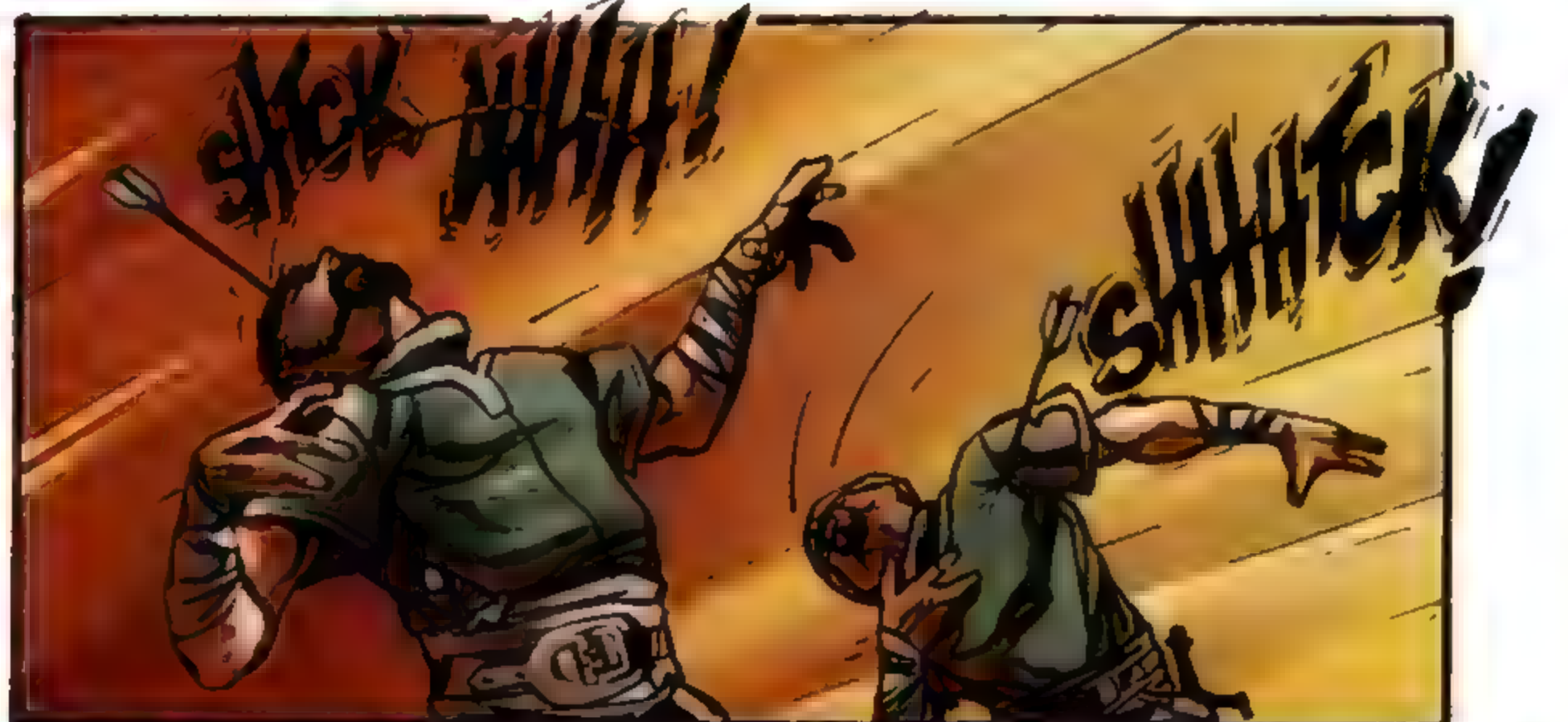
SO WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, KEEP YOUR THREATS TO YOURSELF...



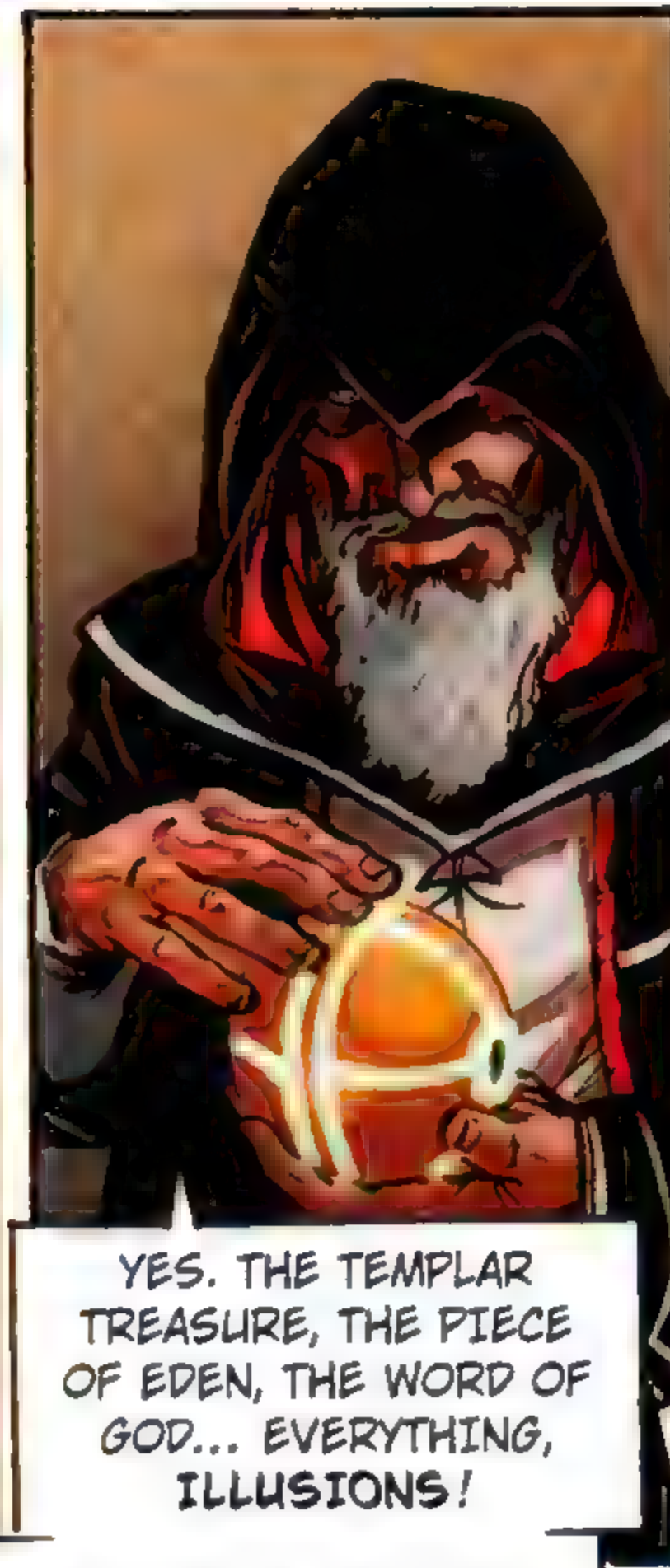
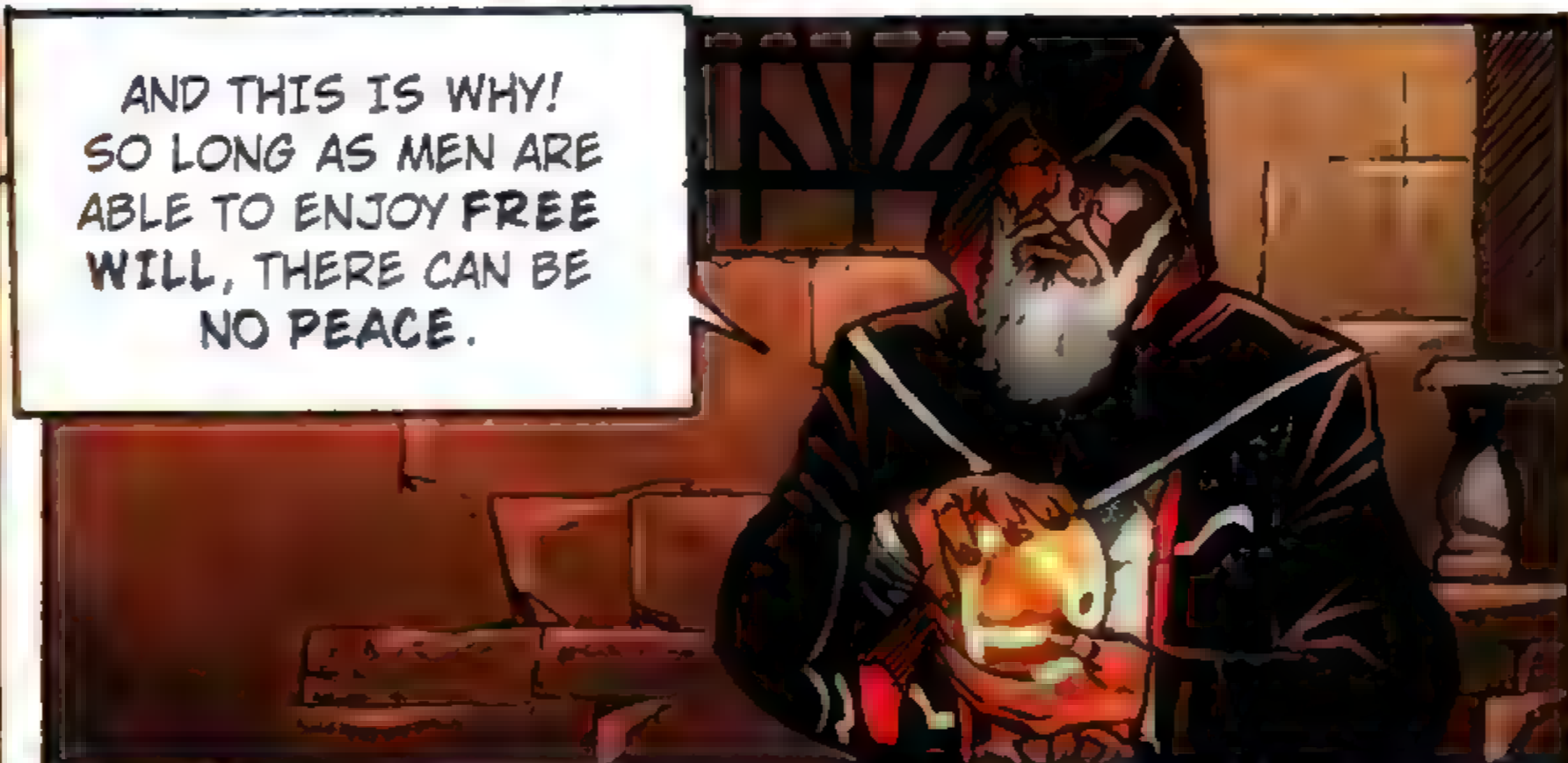
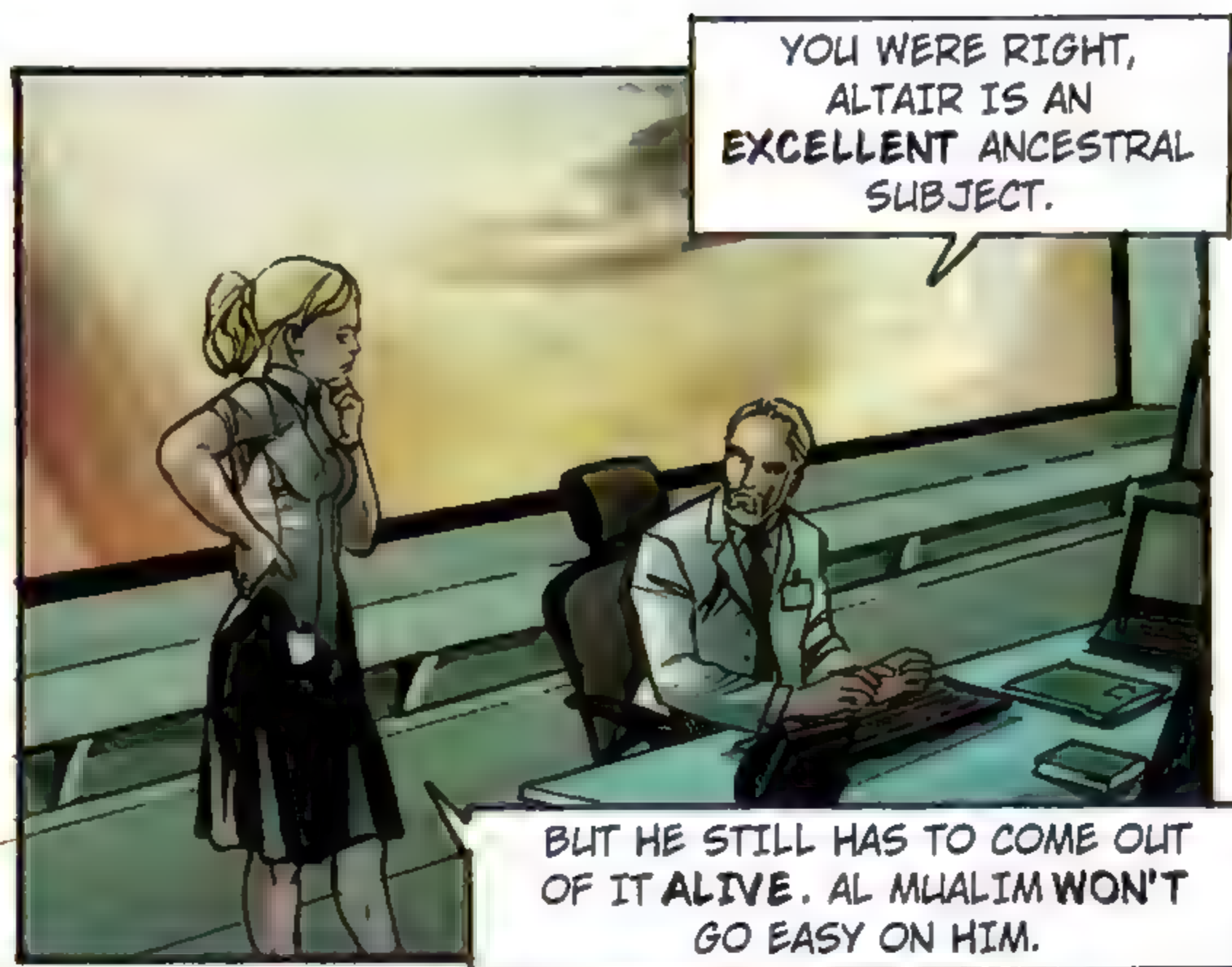
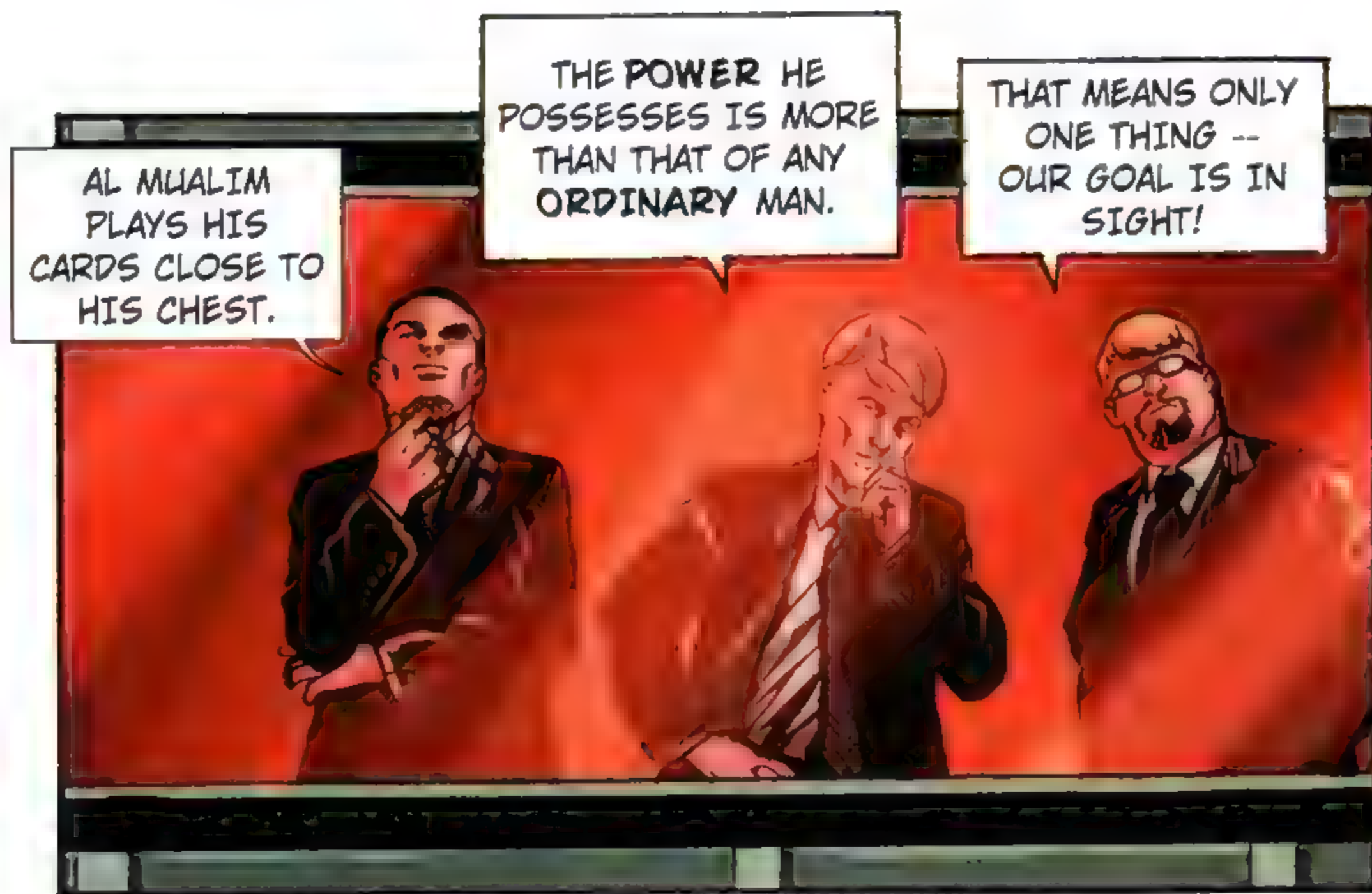
"AND CONCENTRATE ON THE TASK AT HAND."












I SAY TO YOU AGAIN, NOTHING IS TRUE, EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED!

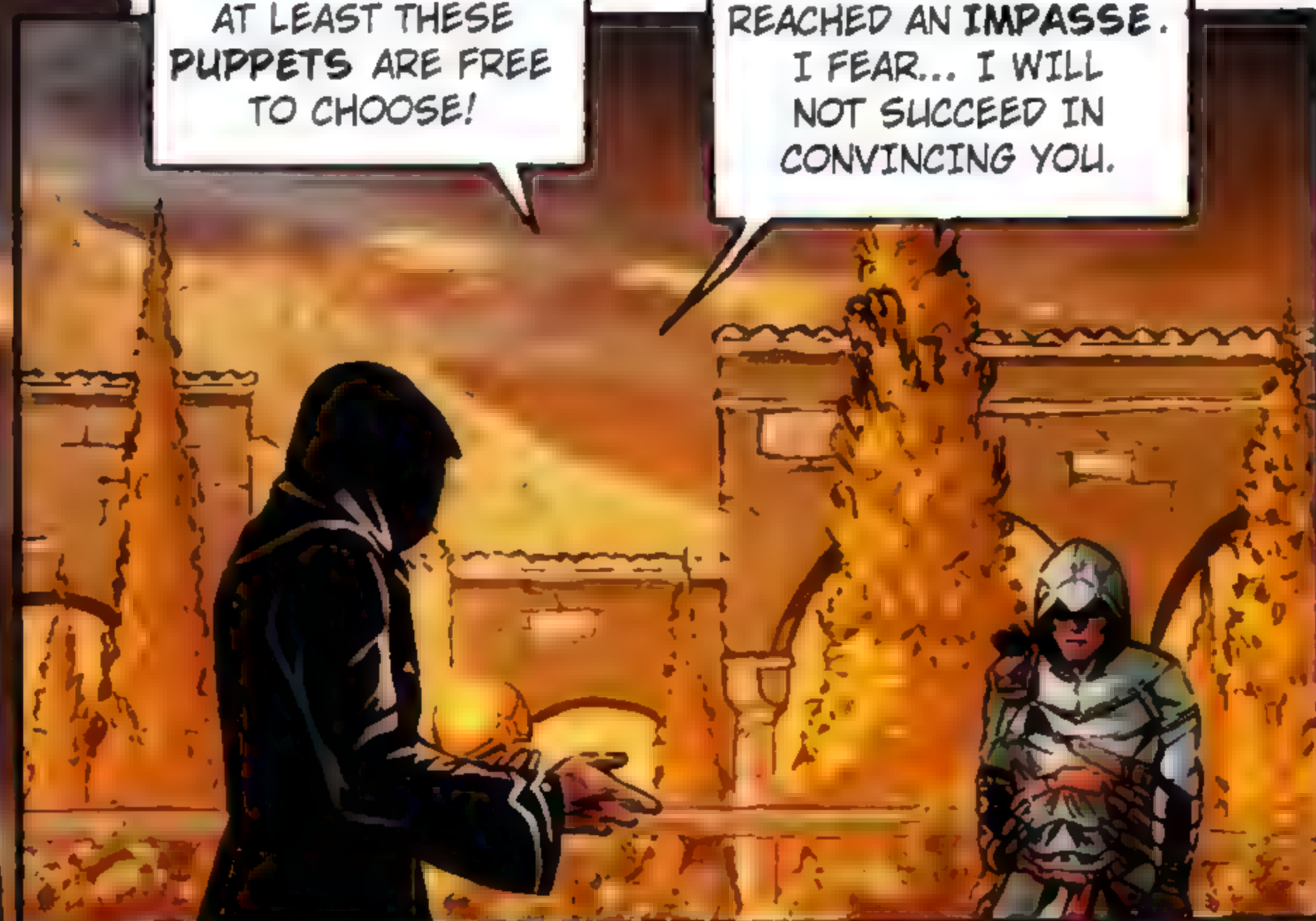




FORCING MEN TO FOLLOW AND OBEY YOU. IS THAT NOT ALSO AN ILLUSION?

AT LEAST THESE PUPPETS ARE FREE TO CHOOSE!

IT SEEMS WE HAVE REACHED AN IMPASSE. I FEAR... I WILL NOT SUCCEED IN CONVINCING YOU.



I WILL MISS YOU, ALTAIR--

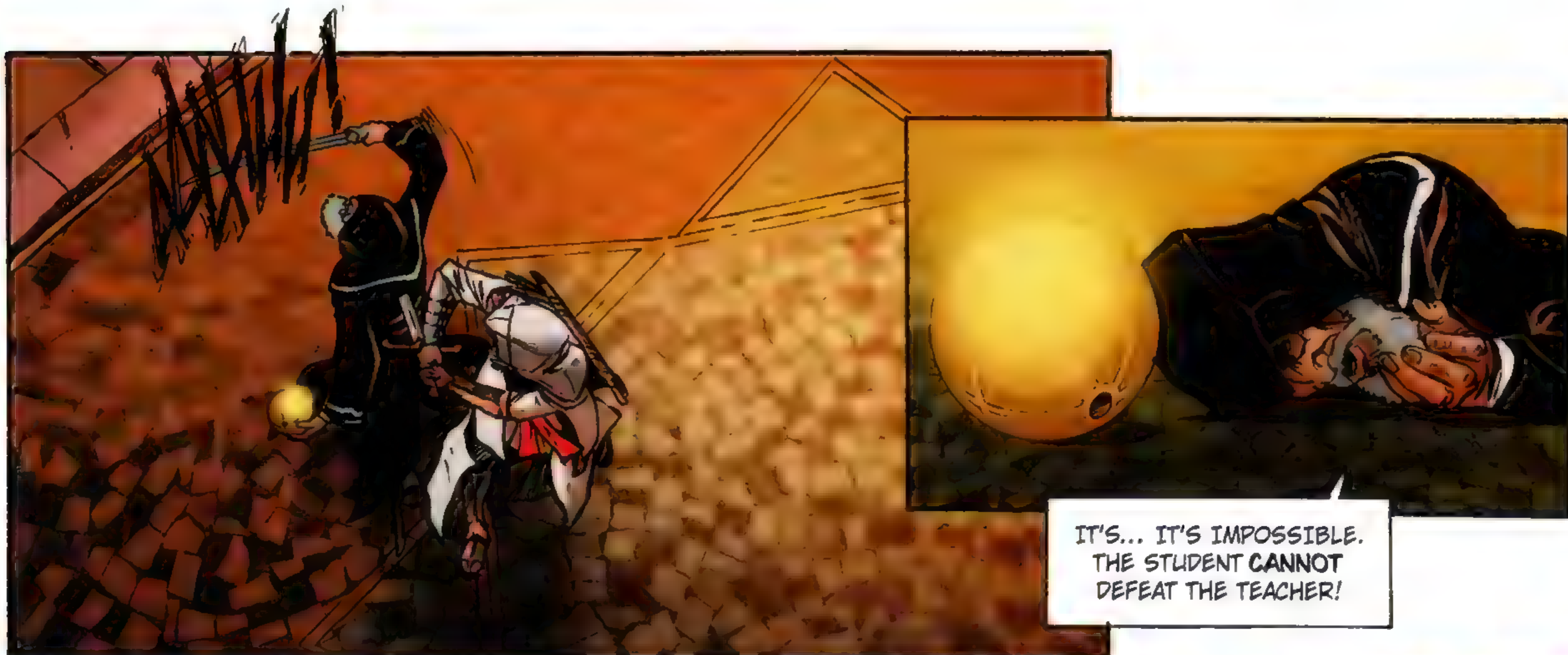


YOU WERE MY GREATEST STUDENT!



YOU ARE RIGHT. BUT THIS ILLUSION WILL CAUSE LESS BLOOD TO RUN THAN THOSE CRAVEN GODS WHO RETREAT FROM THIS WORLD, MAKING MEN THEIR PUPPETS AND LEAVING THEM TO SLAUGHTER ONE ANOTHER IN THEIR NAMES.





IT'S... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.  
THE STUDENT CANNOT  
DEFEAT THE TEACHER!



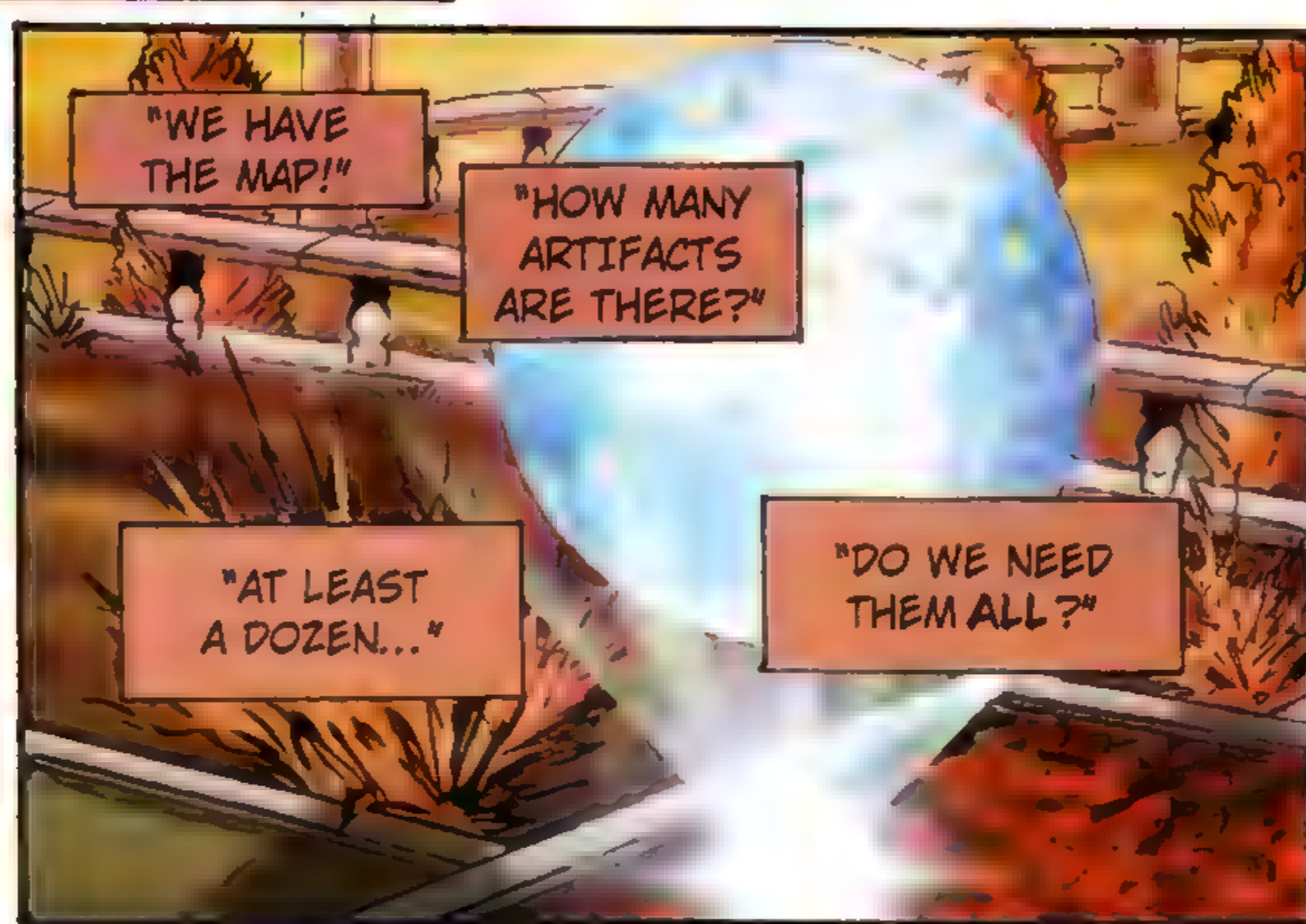
YOU HELD FIRE IN  
YOUR HAND, OLD MAN.  
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
DESTROYED.

DESTROY THE ONLY  
THING CAPABLE OF  
CREATING PEACE IN  
THIS WORLD?  
NEVER...



THEN I WILL.

WE SHALL SEE  
ABOUT THAT.

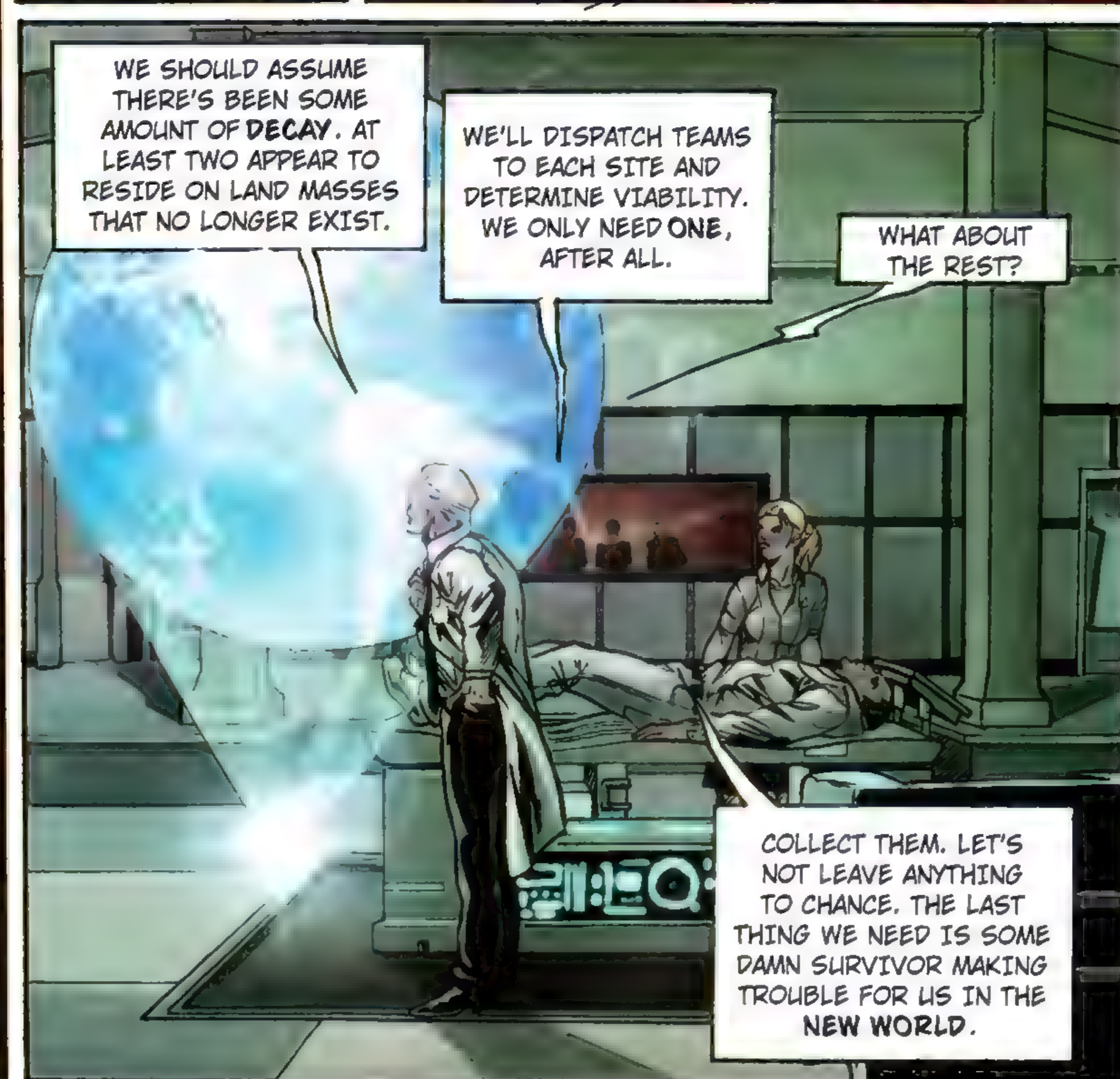


"WE HAVE  
THE MAP!"

"HOW MANY  
ARTIFACTS  
ARE THERE?"

"AT LEAST  
A DOZEN..."

"DO WE NEED  
THEM ALL?"



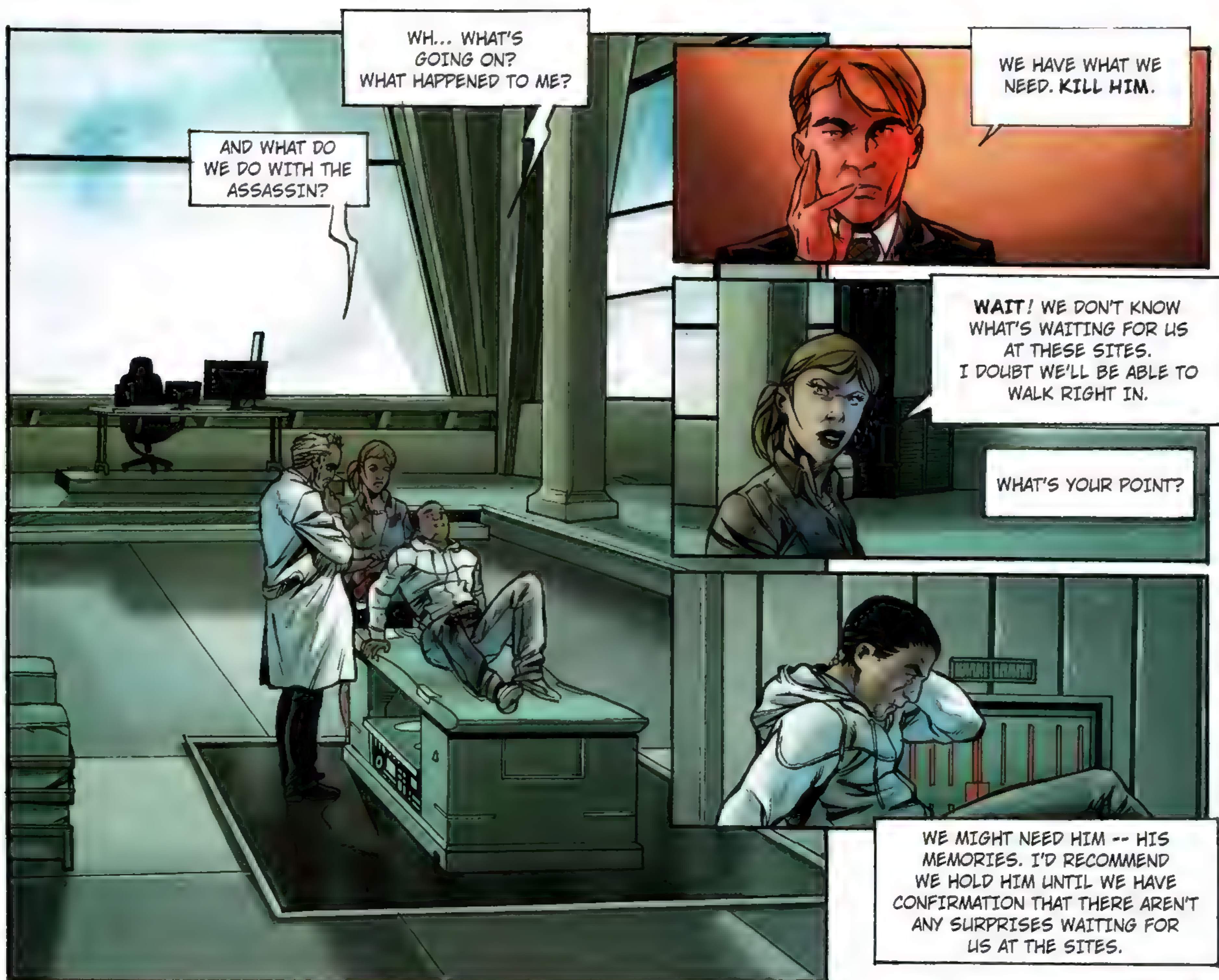
WE SHOULD ASSUME  
THERE'S BEEN SOME  
AMOUNT OF DECAY. AT  
LEAST TWO APPEAR TO  
RESIDE ON LAND MASSES  
THAT NO LONGER EXIST.

WE'LL DISPATCH TEAMS  
TO EACH SITE AND  
DETERMINE VIABILITY.  
WE ONLY NEED ONE,  
AFTER ALL.

WHAT ABOUT  
THE REST?

COLLECT THEM. LET'S  
NOT LEAVE ANYTHING  
TO CHANCE. THE LAST  
THING WE NEED IS SOME  
DAMN SURVIVOR MAKING  
TROUBLE FOR US IN THE  
NEW WORLD.







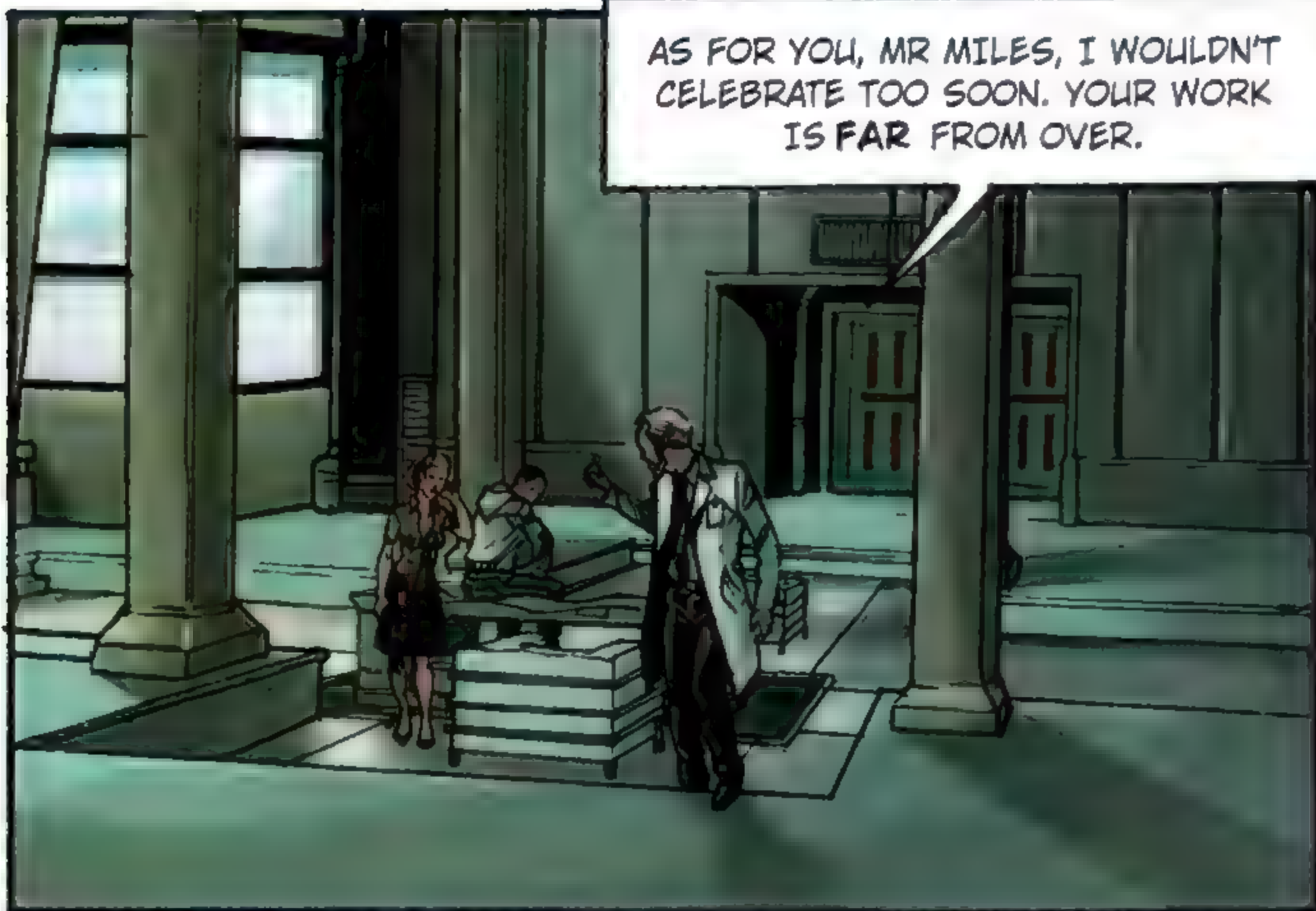


WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP UNDERMINING MY AUTHORITY?

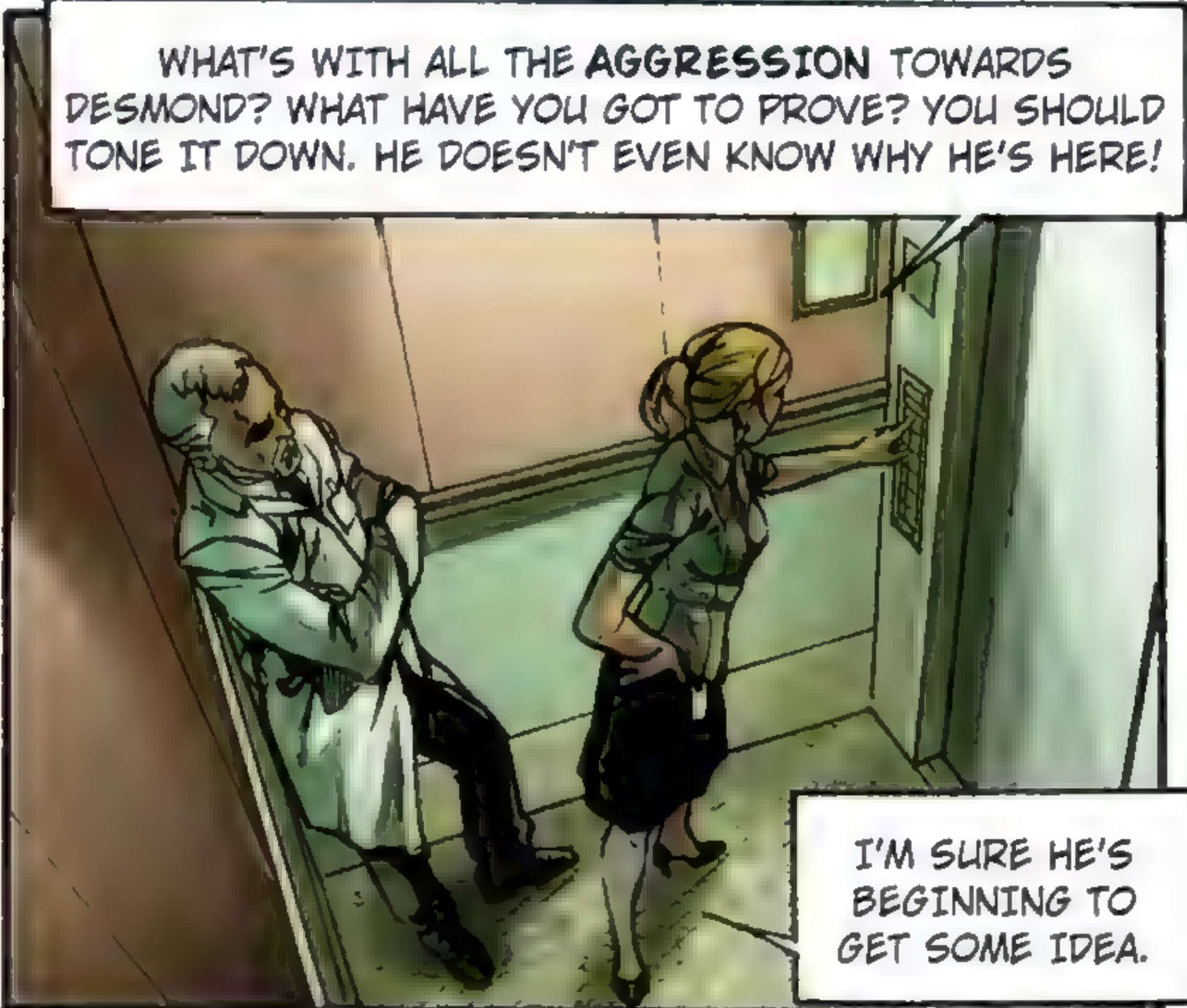
YOU'RE SO NAIVE. I JUST SAVED YOUR ASS!



THAT'S ENOUGH! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO. THERE'S NO POINT WASTING TIME!



AS FOR YOU, MR MILES, I WOULDN'T CELEBRATE TOO SOON. YOUR WORK IS FAR FROM OVER.



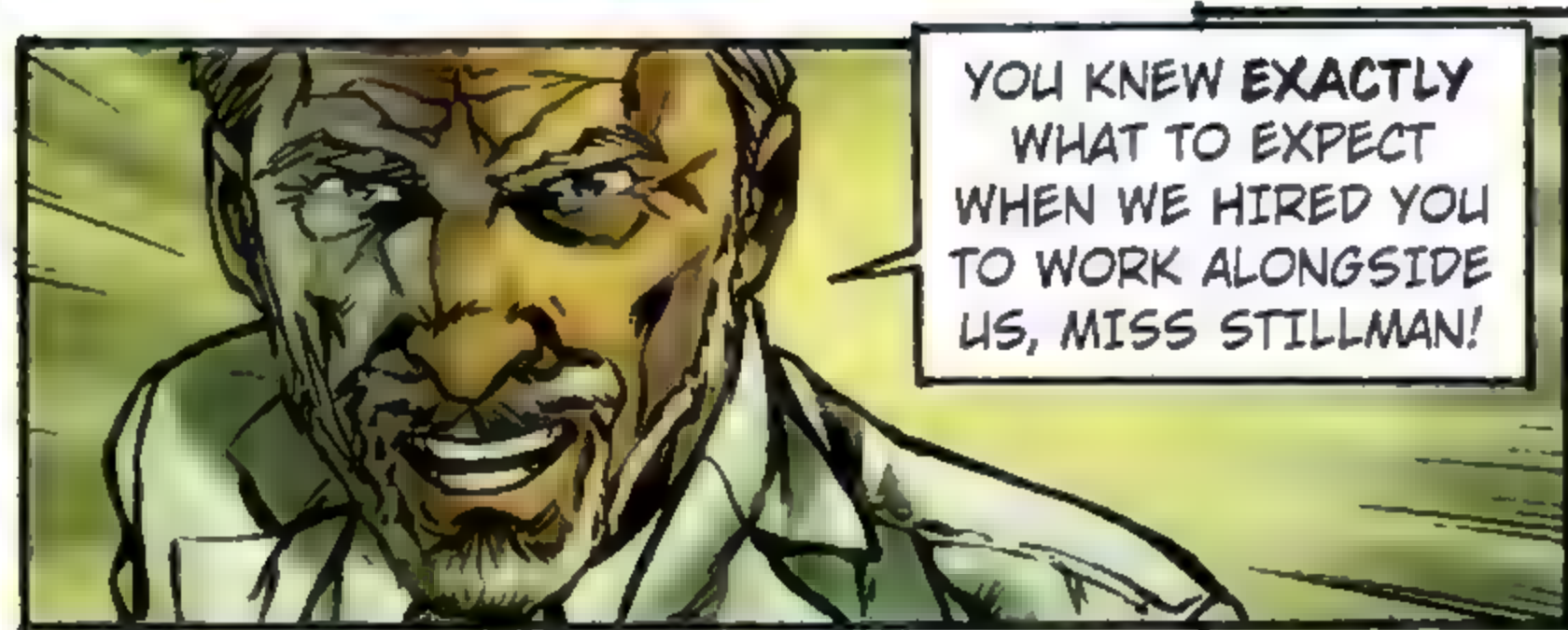
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE AGGRESSION TOWARDS DESMOND? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO PROVE? YOU SHOULD TONE IT DOWN. HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHY HE'S HERE!

I'M SURE HE'S BEGINNING TO GET SOME IDEA.



MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE SHOWING SOME RESTRAINT, MISS STILLMAN. YOU'RE TOO EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED. IT'S INCREDIBLY UNPROFESSIONAL.

THAT'S RICH. USING PEOPLE THEN KILLING THEM ONCE THEY'VE OUTLIVED THEIR PURPOSE? YEAH, THAT'S FAR MORE PROFESSIONAL.



YOU KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN WE HIRED YOU TO WORK ALONGSIDE US, MISS STILLMAN!



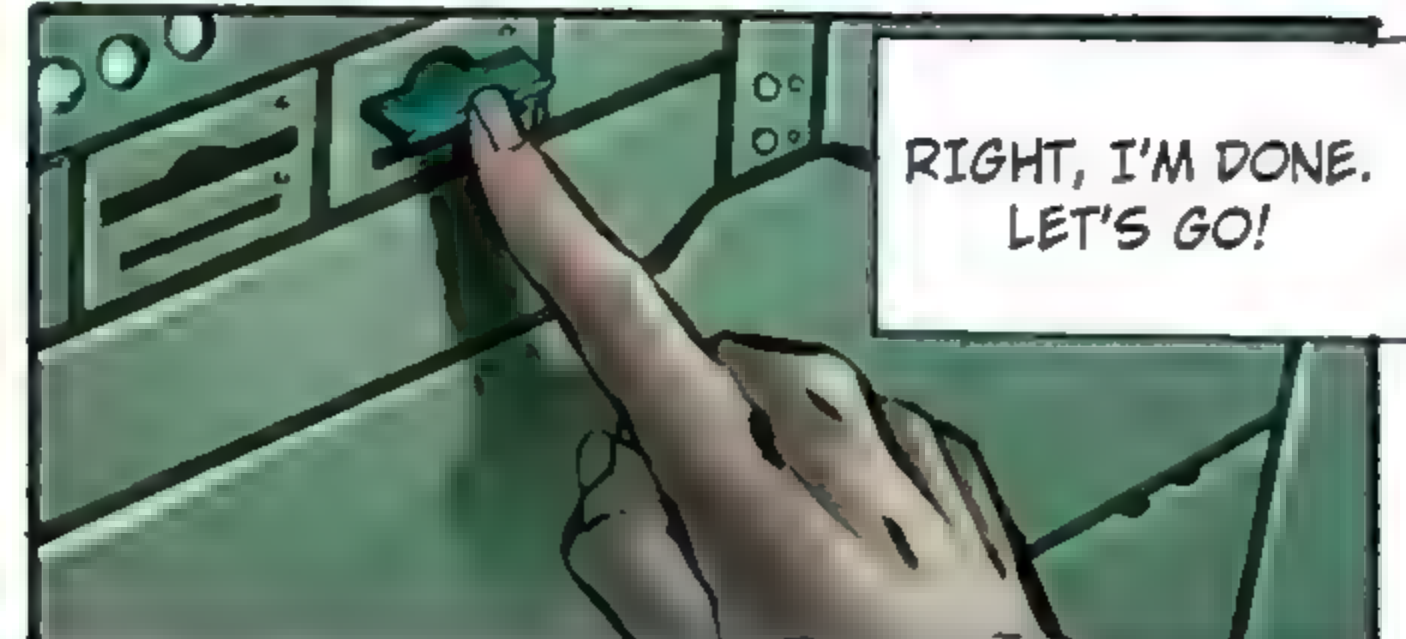
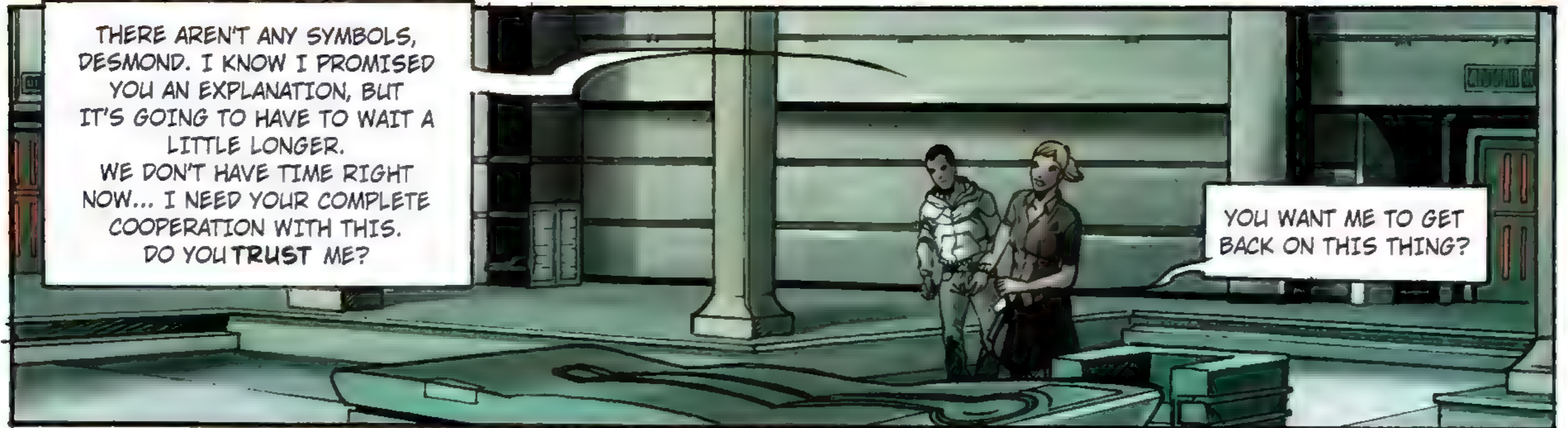
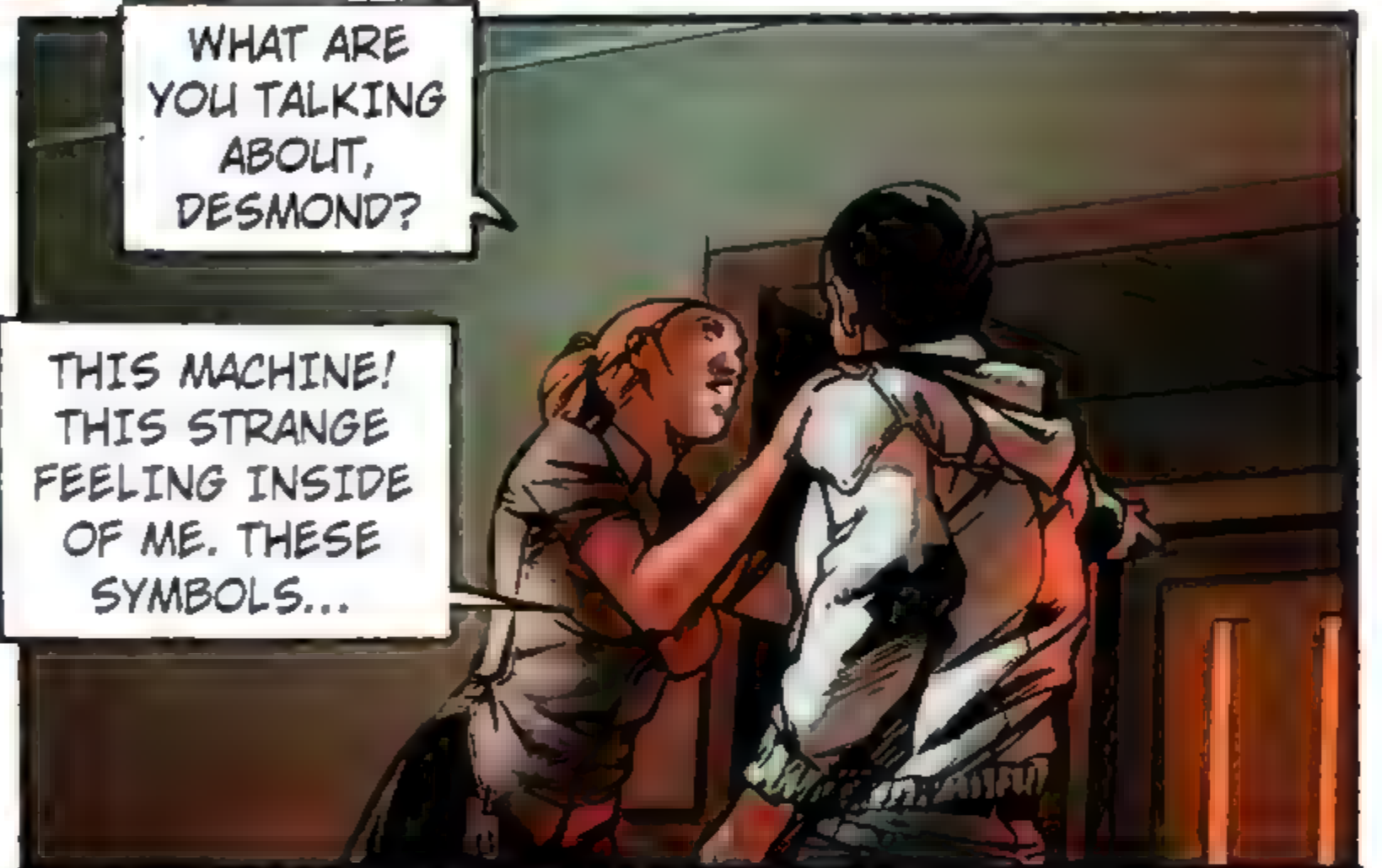
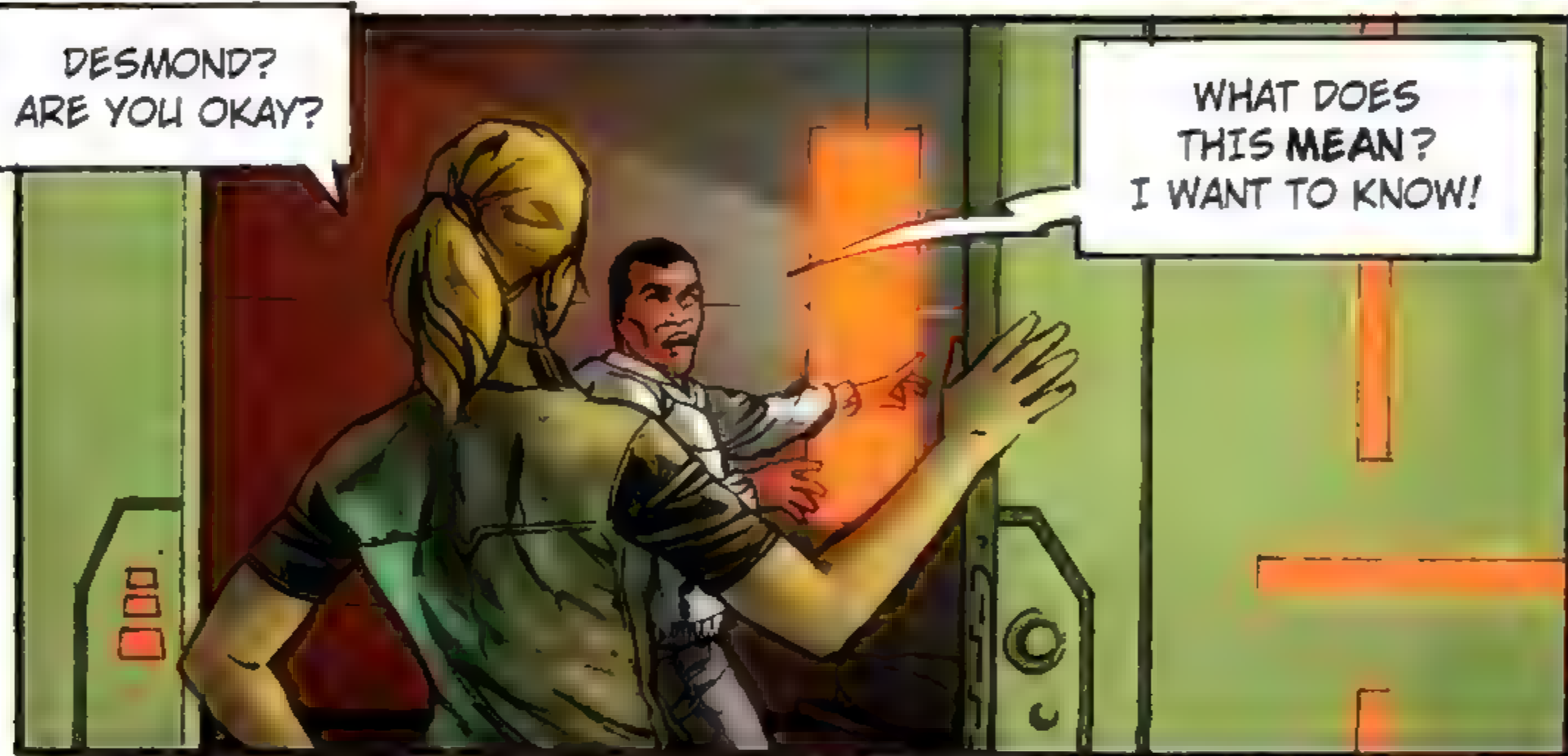
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.



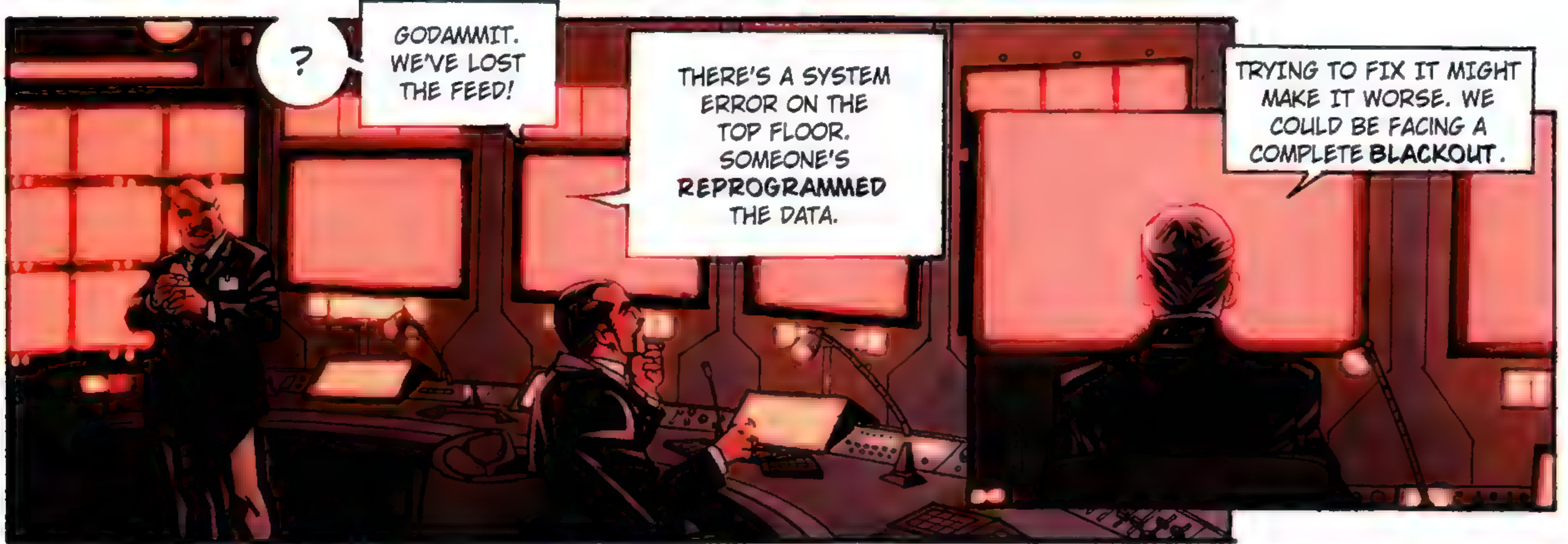
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

I SUGGEST YOU DON'T LEAVE HIM ALONE FOR TOO LONG. THE NEW PROTOCOL APPEARS TO WORK BETTER, BUT THE SUBJECT NEVERTHELESS REQUIRES CLOSE MONITORING AND SURVEILLANCE...









?

GODAMMIT.  
WE'VE LOST  
THE FEED!

THERE'S A SYSTEM  
ERROR ON THE  
TOP FLOOR.  
SOMEONE'S  
REPROGRAMMED  
THE DATA.

TRYING TO FIX IT MIGHT  
MAKE IT WORSE. WE  
COULD BE FACING A  
COMPLETE BLACKOUT.



I'LL CALL IT  
IN. SECURITY  
WILL TAKE  
A LOOK.



WHERE ARE  
WE GOING?

THIS WAY.



RECEIVED, OVER.  
I'M GOING TO TAKE  
A LOOK AT WHO'S  
UP HERE. I'LL KEEP  
YOU UPDATED.



?

HAVE YOU COME  
FROM THE TOP  
FLOOR?

YES. WHY?



WE'VE BEEN  
INFORMED OF A  
FAILURE IN THE  
SURVEILLANCE  
NETWORK.  
HAVE YOU  
NOTICED  
ANYTHING?

YES, SORRY.  
I WAS WORKING  
ON IT.  
IT'S UP AND  
RUNNING NOW.



OK. WAIT HERE,  
MA'AM, WHILE I  
JUST CONFIRM...



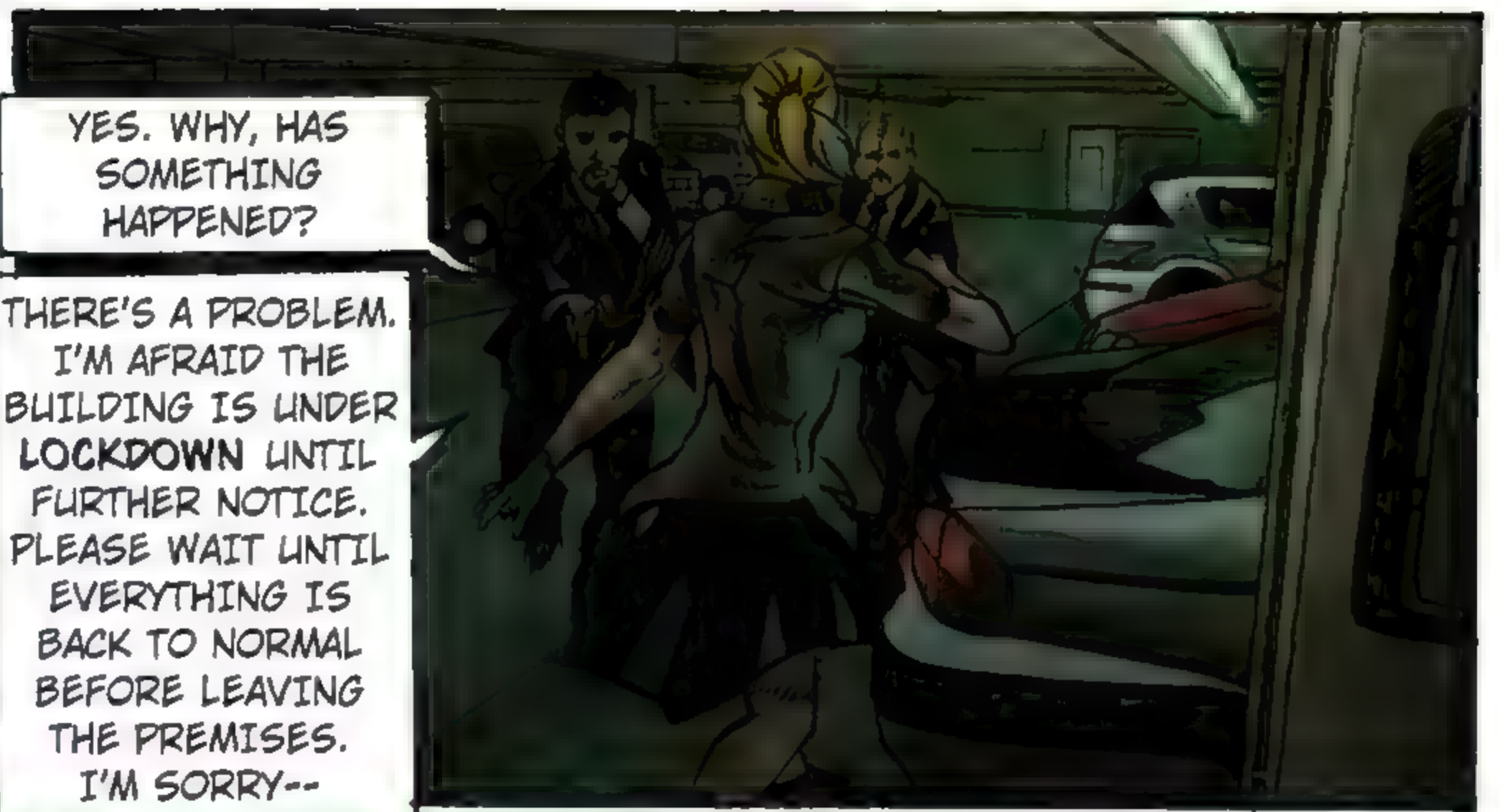






EXCUSE ME,  
MA'AM, ARE YOU  
LEAVING?

?!



YES. WHY, HAS  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED?

THERE'S A PROBLEM.  
I'M AFRAID THE  
BUILDING IS UNDER  
LOCKDOWN UNTIL  
FURTHER NOTICE.  
PLEASE WAIT UNTIL  
EVERYTHING IS  
BACK TO NORMAL  
BEFORE LEAVING  
THE PREMISES.  
I'M SORRY--



OW!

NOT AS  
SORRY AS  
I AM!



TTNNK!



AAAAH!



BEEP!

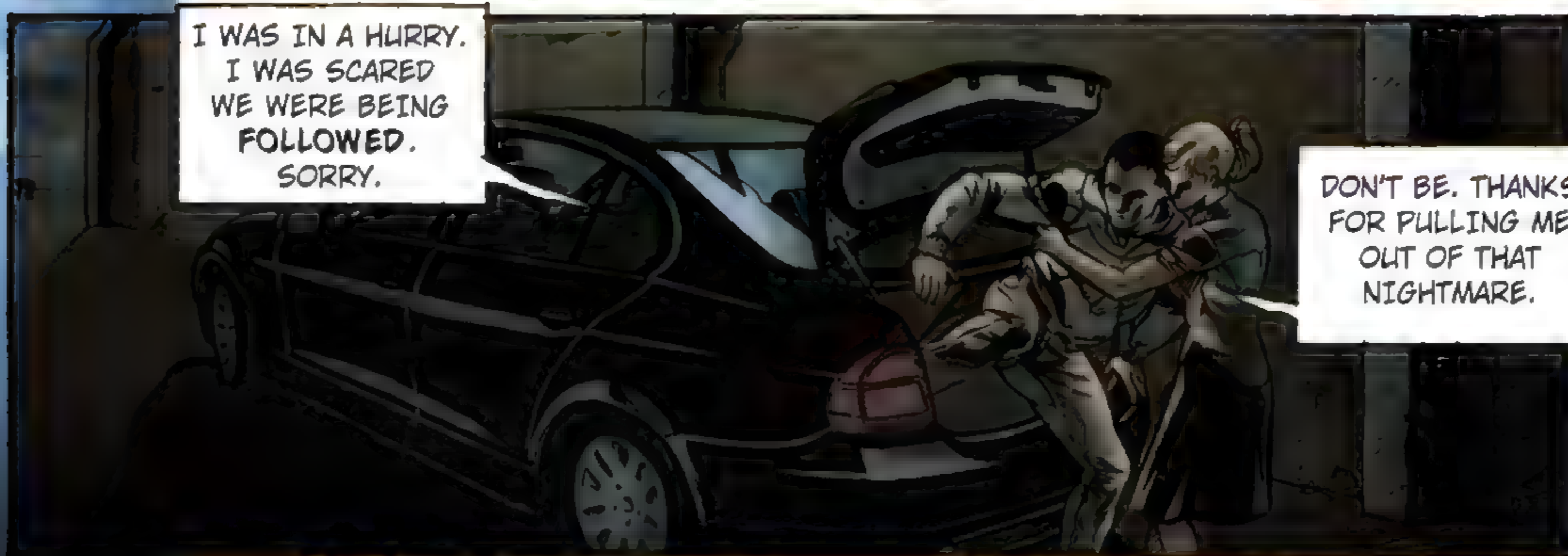






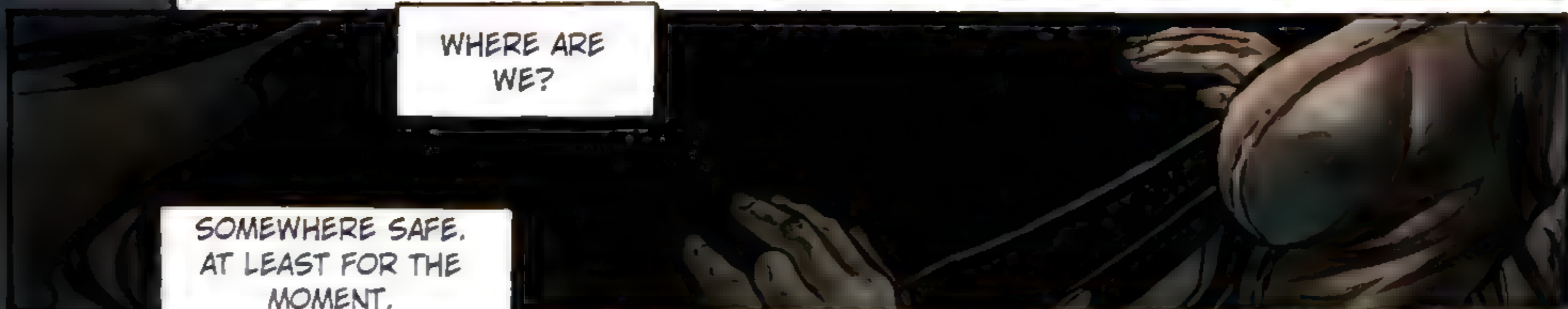
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT, DESMOND?

DO YOU ALWAYS  
DRIVE LIKE THAT?



I WAS IN A HURRY.  
I WAS SCARED  
WE WERE BEING  
FOLLOWED.  
SORRY.

DON'T BE. THANKS  
FOR PULLING ME  
OUT OF THAT  
NIGHTMARE.



WHERE ARE  
WE?

SOMEWHERE SAFE.  
AT LEAST FOR THE  
MOMENT.



FOLLOW ME.

WAIT. ARE YOU TELLING  
ME THAT YOU'RE NOT  
LETTING ME GO HOME?  
EVEN NOW?



FORGET ABOUT THAT FOR  
NOW, DESMOND. YOUR  
BEST CHANCE OF STAYING  
ALIVE IS TO TRUST ME.

THE MEN THAT YOU SAW AT  
ABSTERGO WILL NEVER  
GET THEIR HANDS ON  
YOU AGAIN IF I'VE GOT  
ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

SO WHO ARE THEY?  
WHAT IS ABSTERGO?



ESSENTIALLY, THEY'RE THE MODERN EQUIVALENT OF THE **TEMPLAR ORDER**, CREATED DURING THE CRUSADES. THE MEN WHO WORK FOR THEM GIVE THEIR **LIVES** OVER TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

THEY ARE DESCENDANTS OF THE **TEMPLARS**.

THE ORDER? **TEMPLARS**? WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?



"A DESCENDANT OF THE **ASSASSINS**."

YOU'RE A DESCENDANT TOO, DESMOND...

FOR **CENTURIES**, OUR PEOPLE HAVE WAGED WAR WITH THE ORDER. THOUGH THE NAMES MAY HAVE CHANGED, OUR GOALS HAVE NOT.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND. WHAT WAR ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

A **SECRET WAR**. ITS ORIGINS ARE ROOTED IN THE MYSTERY WHICH SURROUNDS THE **BIRTH OF HUMANITY**.

THE PRIZE FOR THE WINNER IS **COLOSSAL**: WORLD DOMINATION!

I FEEL LIKE I'VE LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EPISODE OF THE **TWILIGHT ZONE**.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR US, MR MILES, THAT ISN'T THE CASE.

DESMOND, THIS IS TOM...

HE'S THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR DESIGNING THE **ANIMUS** WE'RE GOING TO USE HERE.

DON'T BE SO MODEST, LUCY. WITHOUT YOUR HELP, I WOULD NEVER HAVE GOT THERE.



SORRY FOR CUTTING THE INTRODUCTIONS SHORT, BUT TIME IS AGAINST US. DO YOU HAVE THE SCANS?



YES, HERE.



LUCY, CAN I TALK TO YOU?

DO YOU NOT FEEL UP TO IT, DESMOND?

WHAT *EXACTLY* DO YOU WANT?



YOUR COOPERATION. THANKS TO YOU, WE CAN GET A HEAD START ON THE TEMPLARS AND STOP THEM TURNING THE WORLD INTO A HELL OF BRAINLESS ZOMBIES.

I'M FLATTERED, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN HELP YOU.



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THIS LOSER!



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AFTER ALL THIS TIME? A FANFARE AND A PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH?

I NEED YOUR HELP, LUCY. ONLY YOU CAN CONVINCE THEM TO LISTEN TO ME.



CLAY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

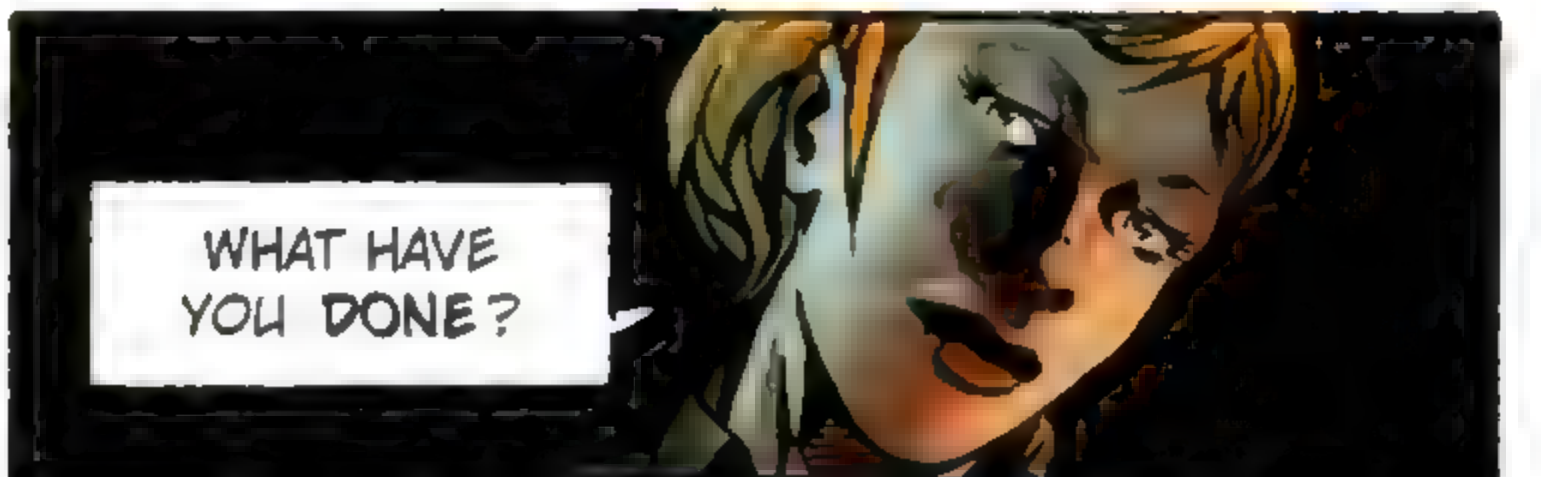
I ESCAPED FROM ST. EREMBERT. I JUST GOT HERE.



THOUGH I MUST SAY, THE RECEPTION I'VE HAD FROM MY FORMER BROTHERS IN ARMS IS MIXED AT BEST.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?







I'VE COME TO TAKE MY RIGHTFUL PLACE! THE HONOR OF LEADING THE ASSASSINS TO VICTORY SHOULD FALL TO ME!

THERE'S NO HONOR IN THIS WAR, CLAY, YOU KNOW THAT MORE THAN ANYONE! THERE ARE NO SALUTES FOR THE DEAD. NOR MEDALS FOR THE HEROES.



PUT ME IN THE ANIMUS, LUCY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS ALL MY LIFE!



YOUR PROPOSITION IS TEMPTING, CLAY. BUT I'M AFRAID WE'RE OUT OF TIME!



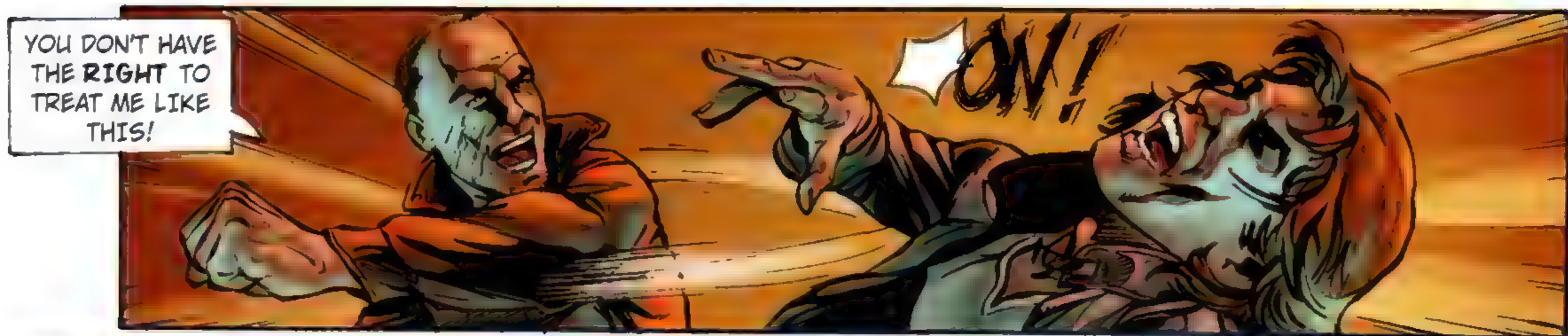
TIME? YOU'RE TELLING ME ABOUT TIME? HOW LONG DO YOU THINK I WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND RESCUE ME?

I'M GONNA BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, CLAY. DESMOND'S LINEAGE IS RICHER THAN YOURS, AND WE CAN'T TAKE ANY RISKS!



LIES! LINEAGE WAS NEVER IMPORTANT TO YOU BEFORE! IT'S THE BLEEDING EFFECT, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE SCARED OF IT!

LET ME GO, CLAY.

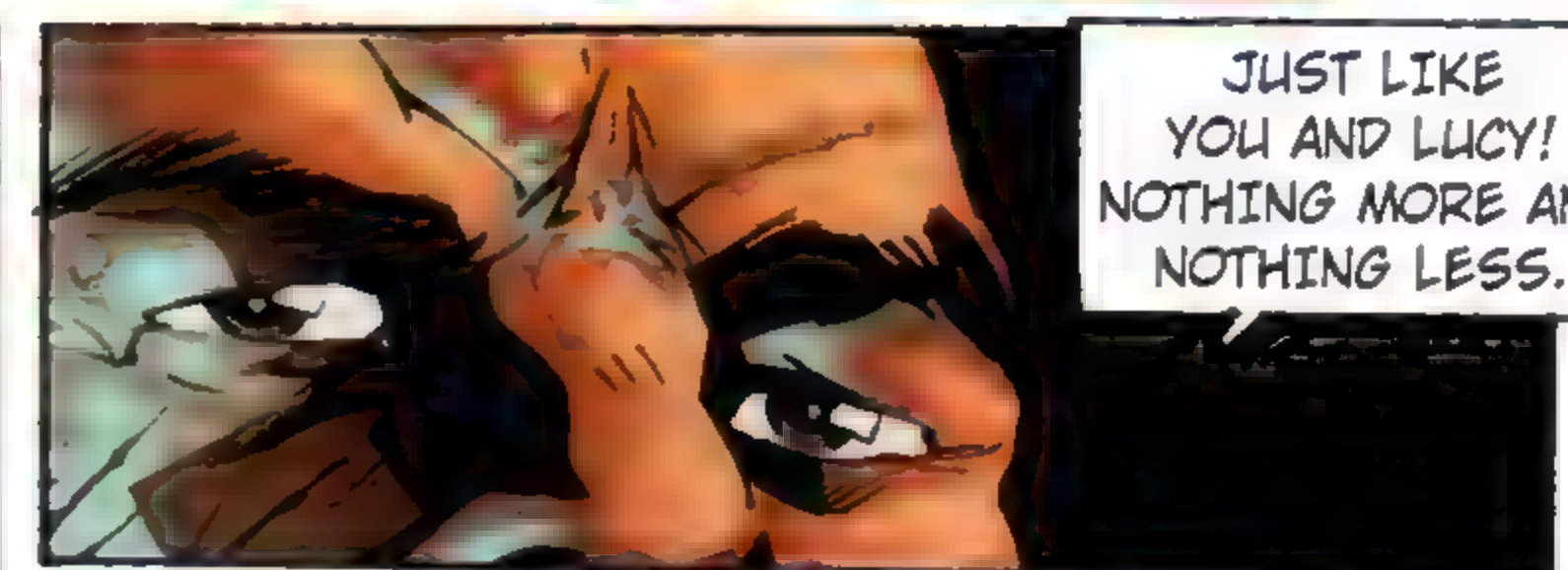


YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE THIS!

ON!



I AM AN ASSASSIN!

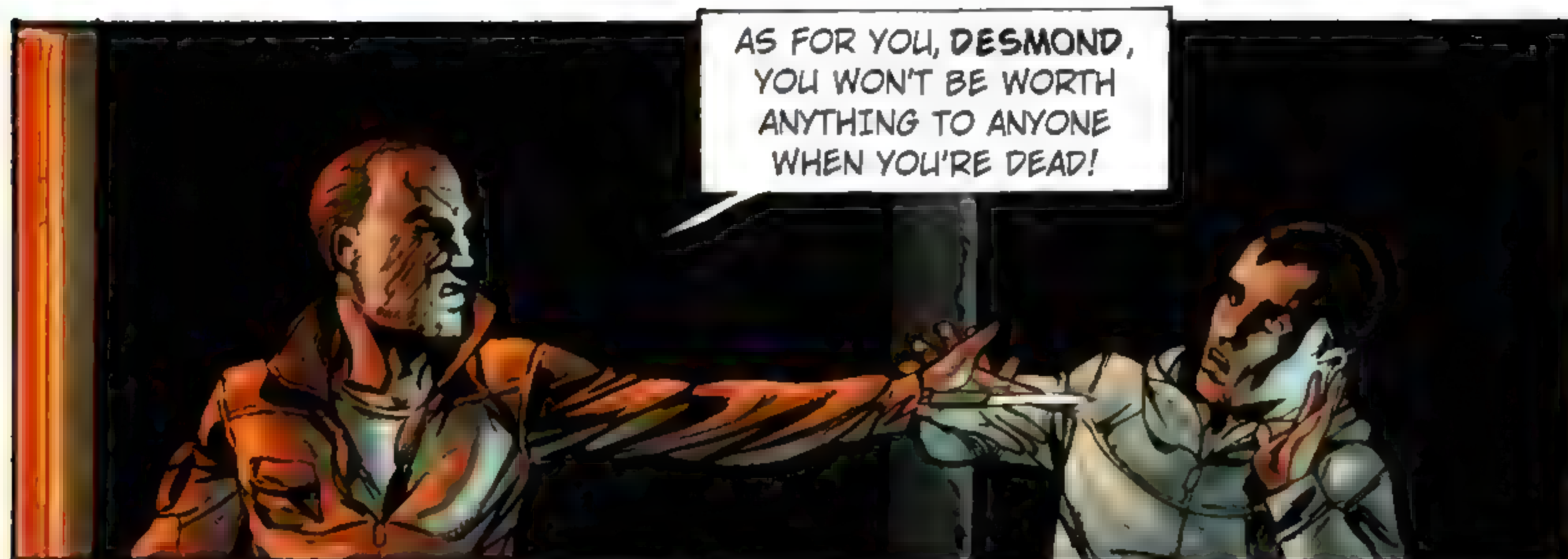


JUST LIKE YOU AND LUCY! NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS.



I DESERVE YOUR RESPECT!





AS FOR YOU, DESMOND,  
YOU WON'T BE WORTH  
ANYTHING TO ANYONE  
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!



STOP!



MY ANCESTORS'  
LINEAGE IS JUST  
AS GOOD AS THIS  
JACKASS'.

I'M SORRY,  
CLAY, BUT OUR  
RESEARCH  
DISAGREES.



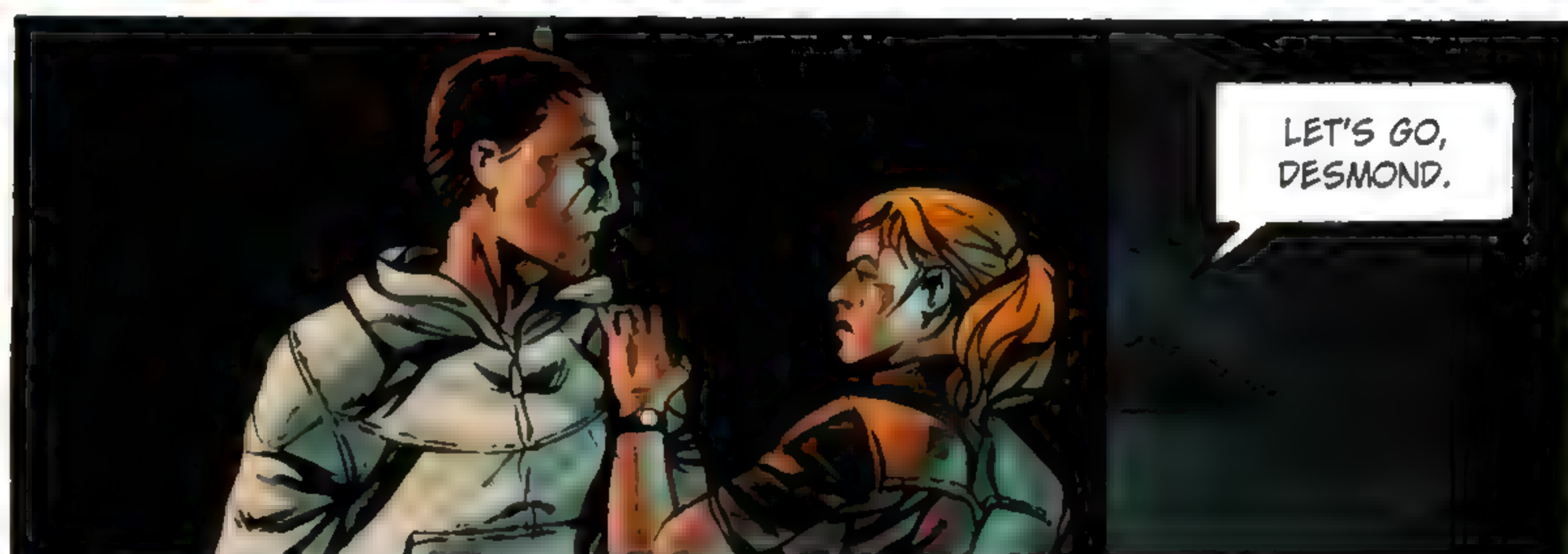
YOU  
BITCH!



TOM, MOVE HIM SOME  
PLACE SAFE FOR THE TIME  
BEING, SOMEWHERE HE  
WON'T BE ABLE DO ANY  
DAMAGE TO OUR  
PROJECT...



OR TO  
HIMSELF.



LET'S GO,  
DESMOND.



















Why is Desmond Miles being held prisoner under high-security at a mysterious, experimental laboratory?

What incredible secret is buried deep within his DNA and concealed by his genetic memory?

Why are they delving into the past lives of Desmond's ancestors, all of whom belong to a sect of Assassins?

Don't they know it's dangerous to reawaken the memory of an Assassin?

*The characters from the hit videogame, **Assassin's Creed** (which has now sold more than 8 million copies) come to life under the penmanship of celebrated writer Corbeyran ("**Le Chant des Styrges**", "**XIII Mystery**") and artist Djillali Defali ("**Uchronies**") who take us on an exciting adventure which defies time and science as we know it—a completely new story which will shock and surprise new readers and videogame fans alike!*

GRAPHIC NOVEL • \$9.99 / CAN \$11.99 / £8.99

ISBN: 9781781163405



TITANBOOKS.COM

